THE SEQUEL TO SNOW WHITE

NO ONE SHOULD MISS THE YEAR'S MOST DELIGHTFUL RADIO NOVELTY

Radio MIRROR

AUGUST

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

RADIO COPY

THE JACK BENNYS

The Truth About DEATH AT BIRTH

A DARING RADIO PLEA TO END SEX IGNORANCE

The Radio Stars Answer "What Will You Do If War Comes?"

YOU CAN BE THE "Armful of Sweetness" THAT MAKES HIS SENSES REEL





MAVIS Talcum Guards Your Thrillin Daintiness *as the "Undies" Test Prove*

Close in his arms...heart pressed to heart—and y the ecstasy of such a moment can be shattered, you've been careless about your daintiness.

Why run the risk of losing love when it's so easy play safe the Mavis way? Always, before you dres shower your whole body with Mavis Talcum. It kee you safe from giving offense because this marvelou talcum has a special protective quality—it preven excess perspiration.

For Mavis Talcum forms a fragrant, soothing film protection between your clothing and your skin. Thi lets the pores breathe...and yet—in a normal, health way—reduces the amount you perspire. And you ca make a startling test that proves what amazing pr tection Mavis Talcum gives.

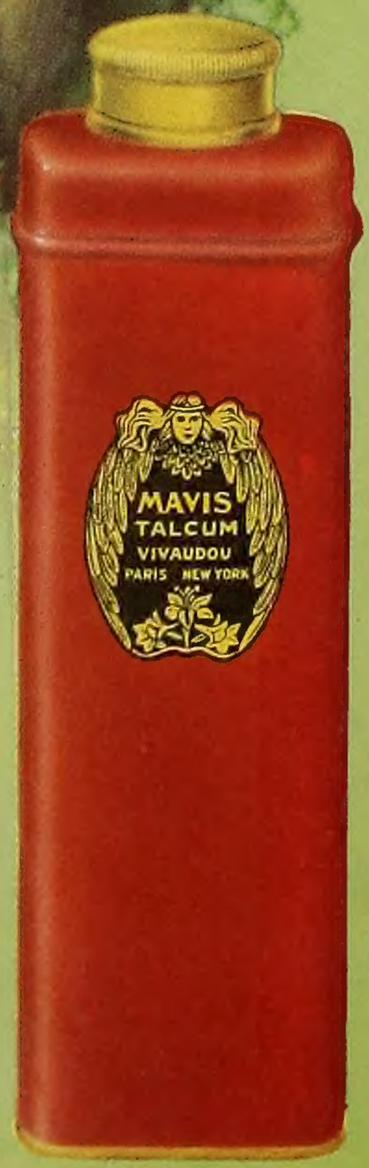
It's called the undies test. Here's all you do. Tomo row morning, shower your whole body with delightf Mavis Talcum. Then at night when you undress, notic that your undies are dainty, fresh and sweet. That *convincing proof* that all day long, you've been saf from giving offense.

And Mavis Talcum gives you an enchanting, exot fragrance that makes you thrilling and seductive. Me will crowd around you...whispering that you're ado able...begging for dates. Get your Mavis Talcum once and use it daily—at all drug, toilet goods an 10c counters. Very economical . . . generous quantitie in every size—10c, 25c, 50c and $1. V. Vivaudou, In



Enchanting Mavis Perfume makes you glamorous. 10¢, 25¢. Silk-sifted Mavis Face Powder glorifies your skin. Clings for hours! 10¢, 50¢.

You can get the benefit of Mavis Talcum's special protective quality and yet—like Hollywood stars—choose Regular or Mildly Scented.



MAVIS TALCUM

Tune in the original COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—MUTUAL NETWORK every SUNDAY 9 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Tim

ROUGH COPY

No phone calls! No dates! As the lonely summer passes, Joan wonders why. (*Joan doesn't know that men would think her lovely if she hadn't let a dingy smile spoil her good looks!*)



Here's news little Doris could tell her big sister Joan. Smiles are always lovely when teeth get proper care! (*Doris knows you must massage your gums as well as clean your teeth.*)



Wishes come true—when girls have the kind of smile men find appealing! (*Joan could have that smile. Joan could be popular! But Joan should start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage to help keep gums healthier and teeth more sparkling!*)



Does your date-book say—

"You'd be more popular if you had a lovelier smile!"

A GIRL SMILES—and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (*Dazzling, bright teeth—firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.*) Another girl smiles, and her charm vanishes. (*Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention, tragic evidence of carelessness and neglect.*)

It's a shame when a girl ignores "pink tooth brush" and risks the beauty of her smile! True, "pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it—*see your dentist.* Let him decide. Usually, however, he'll tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums, gums robbed of exercise by modern soft, creamy foods. Probably he'll advise more work for your gums, more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he'll probably suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed not only to keep teeth bright and sparkling but to help the health of gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Let this modern dental health routine help you to a more attractive smile!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to clean teeth thoroughly.



AUGUST, 1938

Radio Mirror

VOL. 10 NO. 4

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

Special features

Death at Birth ..... Dr. Howard W. Haggard 10
A daring radio plea to end sex ignorance

Twilight Shore ..... Milton Geiger 11
The story of a woman's dream at childbirth

Now I'll Tell You 13
Bob Burns' five funniest stories

You Don't Know What You're Missing ..... Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 14
Read this before you grumble about conditions

The Sequel to Snow White ..... Keith Fowler 16
What's this? Prince Charming too busy for love!

Before You Try That Second Marriage— ..... Judy Ashley 19
Helen Menken says "make a success of your first"

Betty and Bob ..... Lynn Burr 20
Radio Mirror's dramatic serial of modern marriage

Fidler Really Hates Scandal ..... Carroll Graham 23
A new slant on a favorite broadcaster

If War Comes 24
Will you do as these stars say they will?

The Story of Music ..... Rose Heylbut 26
A fascinating new series

Charlie McCarthy's Father ..... Marian Rhea 28
Why has Edgar Bergen never married?

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A Star Finds Beauty 38
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Syphilis Can Be Stamped Out! ..... John J. Pershing 50

We Canadian Listeners ..... Horace Brown 54

COMING IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

ON SALE JULY 22

MEET DON AMECHE . . .



. . . AND HIS FAMILY

. . . both on the cover and in a heart-warming story of their home life as told by Mrs. Ameche. Also, a side-splitting vacation Readio-broadcast, and a fascinating interview with the dean of advisers, Beatrice Fairfax.

Added attractions

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What's New From Coast to Coast ..... Dan Senseney 6

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ON THE COVER—The Jack Bennys—By ROBERT REID

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PROFESSOR QUIZ

TWENTY QUESTIONS

The Professor Quiz program is sponsored by Nash Motors every Saturday night over the CBS network. Play the game of radio knowledge with him on the air and on this page.

1. Who is the most prolific writer in radio?
2. What screen star recently found romance in her radio work?
3. What radio "comedienne" used to be a baritone?
4. What name band leader has three brothers who also play in bands?
5. What two CBS West Coast announcers are brothers, and have first names that rhyme?
6. What CBS conductor always wears colored shirts on the podium and at no other time?
7. What radio announcer is also a famous singing star?
8. What new broadcasting studio has sloping walls that are of four different colors?
9. What radio script show has a ghost for its hero?
10. What announcer picked the right horse in the Kentucky Derby and won $10,000?
11. What famous radio singer was at the point of death last November?
12. What announcer for a famous commentator recently was married between broadcast and re-broadcast?
13. What famous singing star has recently turned air commentator?
14. What famous radio band leader recently flew a thousand miles to pinch-hit for a radio comedian, who suddenly came down with the flu?
15. What radio band leader has the niece of a famous song writer as singer on his show?
16. Is the following statement true or false? Charles Correll is better known as Andy; Freeman Gosden as Amos.
17. When Bing Crosby says "Heckle old Reynard with hound and horn"—what is he talking about?
18. What comedian recently became honorary mayor of Van Nuys, California?
19. What has Gracie Allen in common with artist Salvator Dali?
20. Is Gang Busters actually broadcast from police headquarters?

(You'll find the answers on page 80)

NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK
NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART



She doesn't dream that underarm odor is the reason men pass her by!

Mary is pretty, vivacious, and young—she *should* be as popular as any girl around. Yet the men that she meets always seem to avoid her. Through glorious summer evenings she sits home alone, while men take other girls out on good times!

Too bad Mary doesn't realize that it takes more than a bath to prevent underarm odor—that underarms must have *special* care to keep a girl dainty and fresh, safe from offending.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that a bath takes care only of *past perspiration,* but Mum prevents odor *before it starts.* To avoid all risk of offending friends—use Mum every day and after every bath. With Mum, you'll be *sure* your charm is lasting, you'll be a girl that men always find *attractive!*

MUM IS QUICK! One-half minute is all it takes to smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin, harmless to every fabric. You can use it right after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum's sure protection lasts all day or all evening long. No worries, then, about unpleasant odor. For Mum makes underarm odor *impossible!*

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM



For Sanitary Napkins— *No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Ozzie Nelson's singing better-half, Harriet Hilliard, dug up the biggest, rocket in Hollywood to celebrate the Fourth of July on the Paramount lot.

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize $10.00
Second Prize $5.00
Five Prizes of $1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than July 25, 1938.

FIRST PRIZE

A TRULY GRATEFUL LISTENER

THE speed with which we become accustomed to miracles is really tragic. Comparatively few years have any of us known radio, yet it has already been shoved into the subconscious, accepted as a habit along with sliced bread and canned beer.

For a long time I have felt guilty concerning this attitude. We should count our blessings now and then. Radio has done so much to make my life happier that I have longed to tell someone, anyone, just how much it meant to me. Hence this letter. A tribute.

Due to circumstances over which I have no control I have not been to a theater in over eight years. Yes, I know I'm missing something . . . and yet I haven't actually missed a thing.

Witness:—I have heard the King of England speaking graciously at my very elbow. I have heard Madame Schumann Heink . . . Marie Dressler . . . Will Rogers . . . voices never to be heard again, save in cherished memories. I have listened in on world events, peace conferences, dedications of mighty building achievements. Humor, education, recreation are all on tap in my home at any hour. I turn a dial for them just as I press a button for light or turn a faucet for water.

Radio has carried me through the hours of my life and been my sole diversion. Is it any wonder that I have learned to know and love many friends of the air whom I shall never see? Will you allow me to use a small space in which to express my thanks to just a few of them for the manner in which they have made my life happier? I assure you there are countless others whom I might add to the names listed here.

For My Laughs . . . . I wish to thank Jack Benny and Company, Bob Burns, Gracie Allen, Fred Allen, Fibber McGee, Edgar Bergen, Joe Penner, Bob Hope and Lum and Abner.

For My Heartlift . . . . Kenny Baker, Margaret Speaks, Jeanette MacDonald, Bobby Breen, Richard Crooks and Deanna Durbin.

For Melody . . . . Wayne King and Phil Harris.

For Thrills and Drama . . . . True Story's Court of Human Relations, Little Theater of the Air and the *Barrymores all.*

For Lessons in Living . . . . Friendly Mrs. Roosevelt.

For Moments in Heaven . . . . Morning Services at various churches on Sunday.

For My Safety and Welfare . . . . Let me not forget thanks to the amateur radio operators and the many professionals who aided in protecting the lives of thousands of Southern Californians during the

(*Continued on page* 72)

Try the *NEW* different

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

the dental discovery of the century



Supercharged WITH LUSTER-FOAM ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$)

At last a dentifrice energized by saliva! Cleans, brightens, and polishes teeth as never before! Because it reaches decay-ridden "blind spots" that ordinary pastes, powders, and even water seldom enter.

Luster-Foam ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$), works a miracle in your mouth and on your teeth . . . *you can actually feel it work.* Not a soap, yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap.

The moment saliva touches it, Luster-Foam generates tiny aromatic bubbles of detergent energy (20,000 to the square inch), which instantly surround and whisk away surface deposits that dull the teeth. Then, Luster-Foam's energy breaks up decay-fostering deposits in the saliva before they have a chance to glue themselves to the teeth.

Areas Never Reached Before

Next, Luster-Foam surges into and cleanses as never before, remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, *even water,* may never reach . . . the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . the countless tiny cracks and fissures on teeth surfaces which catch and hold food, mucin, and discolorations.

Lay aside your present tooth paste and try this extra-safe, master-cleansing, luster-giving dentifrice that brings new dental health and beauty. And *now* is the time to try it while the Big 1 cent sale is on at all drug counters.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

GET ACQUAINTED OFFER

1¢ SALE

PAY ONLY 1¢ FOR BIG 25¢ TUBE

of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste

WHEN YOU BUY ANOTHER AT REGULAR PRICE

For the sole purpose of letting you discover for yourself the benefits of the improved NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, we make this big 1¢-sale bargain offer. Now at all drug counters. The supply is limited—act quickly. If after giving the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste a thorough trial, you are not satisfied, *return the partially used tube with the unused tube, and we will refund purchase price.*

Money back if not satisfied

IT'S NEW!



At all drug counters NOW!

Offer good only while dealer's supply lasts



Ken Murray, Shirley Ross, and Bob Hope, who'll be back in radio soon.



Vocal Varieties' Babs, on WLW and NBC, is used to changing her name.



Will Marlene Dietrich go on the air this fall for a regular weekly show?



Above—another possibility for next season's listening, Mrs. and Mr. Walter Huston. Below—a keyhole shot of Seattle's Dudley Williamsons.



What's New

FROM COAST TO COAST

By DAN SENSENEY

PITY Mr. F. McGee of Chicago. He's continually pestered by people who find his name in the telephone book, call him up, and demand to speak to Fibber.

* * *

Out in Hollywood they think "Loch Lomond" should be swung, and swung plenty. Maxine Sullivan, who became famous for her singing of the old Scotch song, went to Hollywood for a two-week personal appearance at the new Phil Selznick Cafe and became an overnight sensation, packing the place every evening. The second night she was there an executive from Paramount saw her and immediately snapped her up for a featured spot in "St. Louis Blues."

* * *

Bing Crosby's bosses must be well satisfied with him. His present contract as star of the Kraft Music Hall still has seven months to go, and already they're offering him a new one. The new agreement calls for his services for only ten years. That's the trouble with radio. It isn't permanent.

* * *

Ever wonder what became of Do-Re-Mi, the trio who used to be on CBS? We can clear the mystery up, at least as far as Do and Re are concerned. Do (Evelyn Ross), Re (Maybelle Ross), and Re's husband, Jules Alberti have all retired from radio to manage the Sunset Inn in South Coventry, Connecticut. If you're ever driving around in that vicinity, drop in—they'd be glad to see you and might even sing you a song.

* * *

Lloyds of London, having starred in a movie, is all set to make its radio debut next fall—that is, all set except for a sponsor. Phillips Lord, who thought up the ideas for Gang Busters and We, the People, has got himself the exclusive right to draw upon the files of the original Lloyds for radio scripts, and has a crew of people working on them now, preparing the glamorous history of the world's most famous insurance company for your ears. Phil himself won't be heard in the stories, however. He says if he ever returns to the air, it will be as Seth Parker, the homely down-easter who first brought him fame.

* * *

Network radio's first venture into modern warfare proved embarrassing to the Army. Army officers went on the CBS air to direct airplanes "defending" the town of Farmingdale, Long Island, in a sham battle—and had a bad attack of mike fright at the thought that the whole country was listening in as well.

* * *

All rumors: That Marlene Dietrich will star in a weekly dramatic series in the fall . . . . Likewise Walter Huston. His script, if the deal goes through, would be written by Arch Oboler, who does Lights Out and many of the show-stoppers on different variety programs . . . That CBS, irked at all the praise accorded NBC for its Toscanini concerts, is ready to sign Conductor Bruno Walter to lead a winter series of competing concerts . . . . That Phil Baker won't be back in the fall for his former sponsor . . . . That the Ford Sunday Evening Hour may not return either.

* * *

All facts: Come the fall season, and you'll listen to Guy Lombardo's or-

chestra, not Wayne King's when you tune in the Lady Esther broadcasts .... About the same time, Al Pearce's gang will replace Burns and Allen—who will start advertising cigarettes instead .... As you can see, there are more rumors than facts, which, in radio, is as usual.

* * *

SALT LAKE CITY—For nine years the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir has been singing, every Sunday, over a nationwide network. That makes it the oldest continuously-presented sustaining program in American radio, a distinction that entitles it to the honor of celebrating its ninth birthday this July.

The Choir itself, which Leopold Stokowski has called the finest singing aggregation in America, was organized in 1850, and has been active without interruption since 1870. It made its first appearance on the air over NBC in 1929, and was so popular that NBC kept it on as a weekly feature. In 1932, KSL, Salt Lake's pioneer local station, became affiliated with CBS, and since then the Choir has been a regular Sunday-morning program on the Columbia chain.

During more than eight years of its existence the entire program has been written, produced and announced by Richard L. Evans, the KSL director of special features. Its conductor is J. Spencer Cornwall, with Richard P. Condie as assistant conductor; and its organists are Frank W. Asper and Wade N. Stevens.

MEMBERSHIP in the Choir is definitely an honor. At the present time it is composed of 313 singers, 27 alternates, and has a waiting list of more than one hundred applicants. None of the choristers are paid, although they devote about eight hours weekly to rehearsing and performing. Choir members pay a total of $10,000 a year in traveling to and from the Tabernacle, and at one time the Mormon Church offered to pay this expense—but the Choir members, loving the work, refused and said they'd go on paying their own fares.

During the summer months, when the program goes on an hour earlier because of daylight-saving time in the east, many of the singers must arise at four or five o'clock in the morning in order to be present at the rehearsal before the Sunday broadcast.

No musical institution in the country can rival the Choir either in endeavor or in finess. As a group, it illustrates the faith and loyalty of a people. As an institution, regardless of creed, it is a gigantic achievement in the annals of American music and American radio. It's something of which both Salt Lake City and CBS can be proud.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA — Perhaps you didn't know that even organists can play swing music—or, at least, one organist can. Listen in to the NBC program, Campus Capers, some Saturday afternoon, and find out how it sounds.

Arthur Hinett, the KYW organist, regularly heard on Campus Capers, is the man who originated the swing style of organ playing—a most difficult style, incidentally—thus earning for himself the title of Swing King of the Organ, which makes him Benny

(*Continued on page 52*)



MOTHER:

When your baby is suffering KNOW what to do!

DON'T be *helpless* when an emergency arises! Every mother should *know* what to do. Don't trust to luck that your household will *escape* emergencies. You may be next. Be prepared!

At your drug store you can now get (while they last) a copy of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's new book—*free* with a purchase of "Lysol" disinfectant. Few doctors have had to deal with home emergencies as Dr. Dafoe has. Great distances, hard travel, in the Canadian back country forced him to teach his people what to do in emergencies till he got there. Now the benefit of this experience is yours, *free!* Accept "Lysol's" offer of first-aid facts. Ask, when you buy "Lysol", for your copy of Dr. Dafoe's book.

FREE! Dr. Dafoe's Book on Home Emergencies, 32 pages, 53 sections.

Do you know how to ... Dress a wound? Treat animal bites? Give artificial respiration? Relieve sudden illness? Stop hiccups? Revive an asphyxiated person? These are just a few of many subjects this book covers, in clear, simple language anyone can understand. Free with any purchase of "Lysol", *for a limited time.*

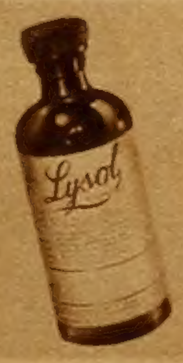


If your drug store cannot supply you—
mail this to
LYSOL, Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. 8-Ra.M.
(Enclose "Lysol" carton front. Dr. Dafoe's book will be sent at once, free and post-paid.)

Name _____

Address _____

Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



Used in the care of the Quintuplets since the day they were born . . .

Lysol Disinfectant

FACING THE MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

LARRY CLINTON, creator of "The Dipsy Doodle" is being given a tremendous buildup by his managers to possibly threaten the swing leadership of Benny Goodman. Clinton, now playing over NBC and Mutual, from Glen Island Casino in Westchester, opens October 6 at New York's Hotel Lincoln . . . The Dorsey-Goodman feud is no publicity stunt comparable to the Winchell-Bernie flare-up, but a bona-fide burnup . . . Jesse Owens, chocolate-colored Olympic sprinter has given up conducting a band to become a playground instructor in Cleveland at $25 a week . . . Maxine Gray, fully recovered from the train wreck, rejoins Hal Kemp's crew as you read this . . . Saxie Dowell, Kemp's crack saxophone soloist is getting too fat . . . Leah Ray married Sonny Werblin recently. He's an executive of Music Corporation of America, the country's biggest band and vocalist bookers . . . The bandwise boys who clutter radio row insist Gene Krupa will burn himself out within a year . . . Frank and Milt Britton who made a reputation with their whacky nut band, will delete their funny business this fall and play straight dance music on a tour of one night stands . . . Mark Warnow uses his CBS sustaining periods for experimentation purposes. His sponsors won't allow any trial balloons on their broadcasts. However it was on the sustaining series that Mark introduced the now-popular compositions of his brother, Raymond Scott . . . Benay Venuta didn't go back to Tahiti this summer as she planned. Instead she acquired a thirty-two foot cruiser named "Vahine Motu" which is Tahitian for "Island Girl."

BENNY GOODMAN WINS "FACING THE MUSIC" POPULARITY POLL

Benny Goodman, Chicago's gift to a swing-studded radio world, has been acclaimed the favorite bandsman of the airwaves by thousands of RADIO MIRROR readers who participated in the "Facing the Music" popularity poll. The bespectacled, licorice-stick dispenser of down-beats, barely nosed out Guy Lombardo for first place, in a nip-and-tuck battle.

The contest, which found voters polling for fifty-five different bands, began on August 6, 1937, and ran for a year.

Though swing music won first place, seven out of the first ten bands are devoted to sweet music.

The final standing: 1. Benny Goodman. 2. Guy Lombardo. 3. Eddy Duchin. 4. Horace Heidt. 5. Sammy Kaye. 6. Tommy Dorsey. 7. Shep Fields. 8. Kay Kyser. 9. Jan Garber. 10. Casa Loma.

Outstanding results of the contest was the sensational progress made by twenty-seven-year-old Sammy Kaye. Sans any commercial programs or appearances in New York, the Ohioan finished fifth; showed his dust to many established personalities.

The 1938 to 1939 Facing the Music poll starts with this issue. Use the

(*Continued on page 70*)



Six years ago, Judy Starr (above) took a dare and sang with Hal Kemp's band—but she still had to finish high school. Now she's with him again—on Time to Shine.





Fred Waring's had to get some new stars since the Lane Sisters went Hollywood. Above, sixteen-year-old Donna Dae from Texas is the band's promising swing singer.

■

Left, Larry Clinton bends down to hear a request from one of the dancers at the Glen Island Casino. Bet it's for his own composition, "The Dipsy Doodle."

PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

HOW are you progressing on your spelling? Here's another list supplied by Paul Wing, spelling master of *NBC* Spelling Bee.

Only one spelling is the right one. Mark the spellings you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 62. It's harder than the others but you should be ready for more difficult words by now.

If you aren't already a Spelling Bee fan, listen in on Mr. Wing's broadcasts, Friday evening at 9:30 E.D.S.T., on the NBC-Blue network—and you will be.

1. **Pleistoscene—pleistocene—pliestoscene** (adj.). Of or pertaining to the glacial period in geology.

2. **Trefoil—threefoil—trefoile** (noun). 1. The clover, or any of various related herbs. 2. A group or a thing composed of three connected or closely related units. 3. In architecture, an ornament of this description.

3. **Catinery — catenery — catenary** (noun). The shape assumed by a perfectly flexible cord, suspended loosely by its ends. (adj.) Like or pertaining to a chain.

4. **Muscalunge—muskellunge—muskalunge** (noun). A large North American fish which reaches a length of six feet with a weight of sixty to eighty pounds; highly prized as a game fish.

5. **Grotesquaries—groteskeries—grotesqueries** (noun). Very queer qualities, actions, speech, or manners; also objects of extremely queer appearance or form.

6. **Sibilant—sibilent—sibillent** (adj. or noun). Hissing; a sound characterized by hissing—as "s" or "c."

7. **Recalsitrance—recalcitrance—recalsitrence** (noun). State of being stubbornly rebellious or obstinate in defying constituted authority.

8. **Antithasis—antithisis—antithesis** (noun). Opposition; contrast; also the direct opposite.

9. **Gristle—grissel—gristel** (noun). Cartilage.

10. **Inefable — ineffable — ineffible** (adj.). Incapable of being expressed in words; unutterable.

11. **Opossum — oppossum — opposum** (noun). Any of various American animals having pouches for carrying their young—called "Marsupials."

12. **Trellice—trellis—trellace** (noun). A structure or frame of lattice work, used as a screen, or as a support for climbing plants.

13. **Surlilly—surllily—surlily** (adv.). In a rude, abrupt, illnatured manner.

14. **Vexascious—vexatious—vexacious** (adj.). Annoying; also troubling grievously; afflictive.

15. **Unlikeliest—unlikliest—unlikelyest** (adj.). Most improbable.

16. **Irasibility—irasability—irascibility** (noun). Quality of being easily provoked or inflamed to anger.

17. **Attol—atoll—attoll** (noun). A coral island or islands, consisting of a belt of coral reef surrounding a central lagoon.

18. **Corral — corall — corrall** (noun—also verb). A pen or enclosure for confining or capturing animals. Also, an enclosure, made with wagons, in an encampment, as a place of defence and security. (Verb.) To pen up by placing in a corrallike enclosure.

19. **Queerying—querrying—querying** (verb). Inquiring; asking.

20. **Unintelligible—uninteligible—uninteligable** (adj.) Not capable of being understood or comprehended.

21. **Knout—gnout—nowt** (noun). A kind of whip for flogging criminals, formerly much used in Russia. The lash is a tapering bundle of leather thongs twisted with wire and hardened.

22. **Roundellay—rowndelay—roundelay** (noun). 1. A poem of a style having a recurring word; phrase, or refrain. (a) (adj.) A song in which a simple strain is often repeated; (b) A dance in a circle.

23. **Dorrie—dory—dorry** (noun). A flat-bottomed boat with high flaring sides, and a sharp bow. It is used commonly on the New England Coast.

24. **Fawner — fauner — faunner** (noun). A sychophant; a toady.

25. **Abatoir — abattoir — abbatoir** (noun). A slaughterhouse.

POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES



The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin

Pond's "Sunlight" shades reflect only the sun's softer rays—flatter you in glaring light!

"GLARE-PROOF" powder flatters your skin in the hardest light

STRONG sunlight is hard on your looks. It sharpens every little fault . . . and casts dark, unbecoming shadows where it is not lighting up your weak points.

But you can make that hard, bright light actually flattering to you! Pond's "Sunlight" Powder shades are "glare-proof"! They reflect only the softer rays of the sun. Give a clear glow to your tan!

Two glorious "Sunlight" shades, Light and Dark. Flattering to any shade of tan. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. Big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Clinton, Conn., Dept. 8RM-PV
Please rush me, free, Pond's "Sunlight" shades, enough of each for a 5-day test.
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DEATH AT BIRTH

By DR. HOWARD W. HAGGARD

As broadcast over NBC under the auspices of the Maternity Center Association

EIGHT or ten years ago I thought that if the facts and figures about safe maternity in their full significance were brought before the American people that a change in the maternal death rate would be made at once, that old prejudice would crumble away, that the ignorance that fathered indifference would be dispelled, that children would be educated for parenthood and that mothers would be protected and saved.

But we did not see this change. In the passing years the mortality has declined a little—pitifully little. The results, as judged from the figures, are discouraging.

But I for one do not feel discouraged. And my optimism is, I believe, soundly based. I am certain that the next ten years will see the change. It is well started on its way although the ultimate result has not been achieved.

That result is the saving of maternal lives. The deaths admittedly are due to indifference. The indifference is due to ignorance. To solve this problem we must not work back from the result, but work toward it. To lessen the deaths we must overcome indifference; but to overcome indifference we must first of all overcome ignorance. In short, we must shape public attitude until we have an intelligent public opinion determined to end unnecessary maternal deaths. *Today it is only public opinion which stands between mothers and safety.*

The last ten years have seen great progress in the first step of this problem. Customs are changing with a rapidity that is amazing. And the change that breaks down old prejudices, old pruderies, that makes us a people more willing to face facts frankly, is the initial step toward the results we seek.

There is, unquestionably, a growing but tardy realization in this country that there can be no wrong in any fact honestly, sincerely, and fearlessly presented. What I call the cult of cultivated ignorance, evasion of facts, is, I think, now fortunately doomed in this country; it will give way to the freedom of knowledge; it will pass when the older generation is replaced by the younger, a more fearless, a franker, essentially a better generation. And that younger generation is solving its problems for itself with, unfortunately, little aid from those of the older generation.

We who are of the older generation could, if we face the facts, write against ourselves a most unpleasant indictment of social neglect, of war, of muddled sociology and of evasion. But the most serious indictment that could be made against us is that we have kept from those who are younger, essential knowledge—especially on matters of parenthood. We have deluded ourselves that we were sheltering the young, sparing them. In reality our motives have been those that arise from prudery, false modesty and old-fashioned conventions.

The results have not been protection; quite the reverse, they have been suffering and death. The only real protection that anyone can have in this world is knowledge, full knowledge. No life can be intelligently and normally conducted except on the basis of facts. There is no morality in facts, only in their interpretation; facts are as evil as the evil mind makes them, or as pure as the pure mind sees them.

The solution of the problem which has as its result reduction of maternity mortality can be solved only in the steps which I have defined. Overcome ignorance; to overcome indifference, to create a public opinion in favor of low mortality. Any other approach to the problem can lead to no per- (*Continued on page* 61)

To all mothers and all mothers-to-be, radio brings this startling double feature—a frank, hard-hitting article by a leading physician which lays the blame for maternity tragedies at the door of our prudery; and the complete text of a broadcast play that made history by its beautiful and delicate treatment of a heretofore forbidden subject



Decoration by Vincentini

The month's blue-ribbon drama, written expressly for radio by Milton Geiger—the story of a woman's dream during childbirth

FOR several crucial minutes, a taxi has been threading its way through big city traffic; in the back seat, a tense, anxious-eyed young man comforts the woman beside him. The woman's face is drawn, but pale and lovely in the half-light. At last, broken tiers of light appear on a distant hill—the maternity hospital! The taxi's engine drones louder as the driver puts on greater speed . . . and curiously, the roar of the engine changes to the roar of an ocean surf; our scene changes. The woman of the taxi is standing on the dim shore of a great, pounding sea. Her dark hair is loose, falling to her waist. She wears a flowing white gown. Her face, beautiful and transfixed, is turned to the fog-shrouded sea. But for the dull glow of the setting sun, the sea and the sky are void and lonely; far, far out in the mist, a bell-buoy tolls in sad and muffled accents. Suddenly, the woman on the beach is not alone. Another woman, tall and indistinct in the gathering gloom, is beside her, speaking in warm, rich tones. . . .

ERDA: Welcome. I bid you welcome, Woman.

THE WOMAN: I . . . I am lost! I do not know this place, or you.

ERDA: Men . . . call me Erda, the Earth. Let it be so.

THE WOMAN: I am afraid! I do not know this misty sea. I hear the beating surf and a bell at sea, and it is strange, all strange!

ERDA: These sands are strange indeed to you. Yet countless other footprints have long ago washed out to sea, with millions yet to come. Yet every woman walks these lonely shores . . . alone.

THE WOMAN: But you . . .?

ERDA: I cannot help you. You are alone. Will you take my hand and come with me, Woman?

THE WOMAN: (*Dazed*) I am alone and lost. I *must* come. . . .

ERDA: Then take my hand and come . . . come . . . come. . . .

(*The roar of the sea grows louder, and the tolling of the bell; slowly the whistle of the wind grows into a shrill, high blast*)

THE WOMAN: This wind! I . . . I cannot stand!

ERDA: I will support you. Look where I point.

THE WOMAN: I . . . I see a boy . . . a little boy, and a girl. . . . The boy is hurt! His knee is scraped and bleeding where he is hurt—but he does not cry. . . . The little girl bends over him. . . .

ERDA: Yes. Tears glisten in her eyes.

THE WOMAN: (*Pleading*) Let me go! I must go to him!

ERDA: Why?

THE WOMAN: (*Perplexed*) Why . . . because . . . because . . . I *must!*

ERDA: No. The little tragedies of childhood are soon over. Leave them to their precious anguish. Come!

THE WOMAN: And leave them?

ERDA: Come . . . come . . . come. . . .

(*Her voice fades away; the wind rises to an even fiercer pitch; but then the Woman's voice rises above it.*)

THE WOMAN: I can go no further! This is mad . . . mad! The wind and the sea and all this land . . . mad! Why am I here?

ERDA: (*Gently*) Rest, Woman. You will need strength, and courage and compassion. Look . . . look again where I point. . . .

THE WOMAN: I see a young man and a young woman . . . they are building. What are they building?

ERDA: It only matters that they *do* build. Watch!

THE WOMAN: See how they struggle against the roaring gale!

ERDA: The wind is great, but they are greater.

THE WOMAN: No! The framework bends . . . it yields . . . it cracks. . . .

(*Above the howling of the storm we hear the sound of timbers crunching and splintering.*)

THE WOMAN: . . . it breaks!

ERDA: (*Sadly*) Always it breaks. It will fall.

THE WOMAN: Why are things here so cruel . . . so heartless?

(*And now there is a terrific grinding and crashing; a final loud crash, and then a few feeble crepitations as the ruins settle.*)

THE WOMAN: Gone! All their labor spent for dust and ruin!

ERDA: It is ever so, and yet they struggle toward divinity. They are greater than the wind!

THE WOMAN: See how the girl tries to comfort him, tears in her gentle eyes. (Suddenly) Why . . . it's the same little girl, grown older. . . .

ERDA: The same little boy, grown up. . . .

THE WOMAN: It is cruel . . . cruel. . . .!

ERDA: It is life. Look . . . see how he grasps his hammer again and squares his shoulders. Come . . . let us leave them to their building and their splendor. . . .

THE WOMAN: Yes! Enough of bitterness and futility. Enough!

ERDA: Come, Woman. Come . . . come. . . .

(*Now comes the sound of loud, boisterous, rough laughter—brutal and a bit imbecilic.*)

THE WOMAN: (*In distaste*) Who is this rough and bearded creature?

(*This amuses the man, and he laughs all the louder.*)

ERDA: Courage, Woman! . . . Silence! Stay your laughter! What amuses you now, that the black rocks split with thy laughter?

THE MAN: Ah, you must see, and the Woman, too. Look . . . I turn this little valve on this priceless metal cylinder, and behold. . . . .!

(*There is a hissing sound from the cylinder.*)

THE MAN: (*In idiot triumph*) See! Lovely purple gas . . . purple gas to strip the purple robes from kingly shoulders! (*He chuckles in high satisfaction.*)

THE WOMAN: It . . . it chokes me! Let us go from here! I . . . I fear . . . this . . . creature. . . .!

(*The hissing stops suddenly*)

THE MAN: Wait. There is more. Look! Airplanes! ZUM! ZUM! ZUM! ZUM! ZUM! ZUM! ZUM (*As he imitates, vocally, like a child, the drone of a heavy bombing plane, his voice is gradually seconded by the deep, booming drone of an actual bomber.*)

THE WOMAN: Stop . . . stop . . . stop!

THE MAN: See! The bomber has a great cathedral under his sights, and *presto!* (*He whistles long and piercingly to imitate the hoarse whistle of a descending bomb; at the same time, his whistle is seconded, again, by the tapering whistle of a bomb's* decent. *As he exclaims "Boom!" there is a second, more resonant, "Boom!"*)

THE WOMAN: Take me away. . . .! I hate him! I hate him!

THE MAN: (*Suddenly; sharply*) No! Stay, Woman! Stand before my desk! Woman, you will have a child. I must have his name for my records.

THE WOMAN: (*Fiercely*) I will not say!

THE MAN: No insolence, Woman! His name!

THE WOMAN: There . . . will . . . be . . . no . . . son!

THE MAN: What! . . . Well, no matter. Your daughter will have sons, then. Give me *her* name!

THE WOMAN: (*Firmly*) There will be no daughter.

THE MAN: What! Edra . . . must we tolerate such insolence from this . . . this . . . mortal? No!

ERDA: If *she* wills it, we must. Come, Woman. We will go. . . .

THE MAN: (*Shouting after them in fury*) *Wait!* Come back! Stop, I say! Do you know who I am? I am powerful! I will crush you! I am WAR!

(*As his frenzied voice fades away, the Woman sobs brokenly.*)

THE WOMAN: It was (*Continued on page 62*)

ONE OF THE MOST STRIKINGLY UNUSUAL ONE-ACT PLAYS EVER BROADCAST ON THE AIR, "TWILIGHT SHORE" WAS FIRST HEARD ON THE VALLEE HOUR ON NBC WITH JUDITH ANDERSON AS ERDA AND FAY BAINTER AS THE WOMAN. SYMBOLIC AND PROVOCATIVE, IT WAS UNFORGETTABLE. BELIEVING THAT IT RICHLY MERITS THE ATTENTION EVEN OF THOSE WHO HEARD THE BROADCAST, RADIO MIRROR IS PROUD TO PRESENT THIS UNIQUE SCRIPT IN PRINTED FORM.

RADIO MIRROR Radio Broadcast



Now I'll Tell You

Presenting the Arkansas traveler's tallest of tall tales, complete except for his bazooka

BOB BURNS' FIVE FUNNIEST STORIES

DECORATIONS BY VANDERPOEL

THE scene is before an NBC microphone and red, robust, relative-ridden Bob Burns (the Arkansas "Robin") is flanked by Bing (Dr. Harry Lillis) Crosby and rotund John Scott Trotter, swingster de luxe, and you, the audience, are out in front waiting for the slow Burns' voice to drawl forth more Arkansas *patois*. The time is any time during the past three years. As a matter of fact, any time since the Clown Prince of Crooning and Van Buren's Robin joined forces for dear old Kraft Music Hall. Yep. You've guessed it. This is another one of those memory-tickling Readio-Broadcasts. And Burns is going to repeat for us the five stories that he thinks the funniest of all the many that he has spun.

Actually, the scene is Studio B, in the concrete-poured National Broadcasting Studios, and both Bob and Bing are there—

BING: Bob, when it comes to sluicing a hunk of melody down that yard and a half of plumbing, you really stand out. . . .

BURNS: Thanks, Bing, but, you know, all my kinfolks don't turn to music. Now you take my Uncle Flit. That's my *fast* uncle. That man's fast about everything. He even beats the readin' time in *Liberty* Magazine! Well, Uncle Flit's talents turned to paintin' and he was the fastest painter in Crawford County. One time one of the railroad magnates come to him and says "We've got an old car that's comin' through here on the five-fifteen train" and he says "We wanta get that car painted before it hits St. Louis" and he says "this train only stops here to take water and it stops a minute and fifteen seconds. Do you think you can paint that car?"

Uncle Flit says "That won't be no job at all for me." So he was down there with his bucket of paint and his brushes and when that train stopped for that minute and fifteen seconds, Uncle Flit painted that car yellow, put three coats of paint on it and he painted a sign clear across it that says "Missouri Pacific Iron Mountain and Southern Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad." And just before he finished paintin' it, the train pulled out.

Well, he cut across the mountain thirty miles where he knew that train'd come through—Mulberry, was the name of the town—in thirty minutes, just (*Continued on page* 76)







But you really should, before you decide that we have anything to complain about in America, says this famous traveler

Condensed from a radio interview with Mr. Vanderbilt, broadcast over CBS

ALL the critics notwithstanding, the United States is a fine place to live. Each time I step on the gangplank that has U. S. A. written on its other end, I breathe a sigh of relief for the freedom from pettiness and nuisances which I will avoid when I am home.

I feel like embracing the Statue of Liberty, shaking hands with the first cop I run into, singing the "Star Spangled Banner" out on Constitution Avenue in Washington, D. C. Perhaps it's true, as the austere New York Times states, that the nation's taxload this year will be about twenty per cent of the national income. Maybe the U. S. Chamber of Commerce is correct in hoisting a danger signal at this, but believe it or not, I would personally rather pay fifty per cent of my own personal income to this thing called "government" than to have to

Above, Paris, where radio dealers are taxed so high that only rich men can afford to own sets.

Left, the Houses of Parliament in London, where laws for exorbitant income taxes are enacted.



undergo the privations, the indignities, and in some cases the outright suffering which I witness with my own eyes throughout the globe.

Let's stop for a moment and take a brief accounting of the very countries which the average American holds up on high. The income taxes in all of them are prohibitive. The inheritance taxes are destructive. The taxes of stocks and bonds are superlative and the annoyance taxes are limitless. Besides these you have the nuisance taxes, which would drive the ordinary American to distraction before he even began to think.

All Europe, Asia, Central and South America and a great portion of the British Empire tax automobiles on their horse power. Therefore, in only a few of those countries can you own or operate the average American car. You must squeeze yourself into a chicken coop and creep about the countryside in an extended bedlike position or pay into your national treasury a big chunk of your income.

TRUE, a veritable fleet of small cars are being built and sold in some quantity, but even the initial price of purchase is so high that only the very well-to-do can afford to own them. Gasoline ranges all the way from 33¢ to more than a dollar a gallon.

Some foreign countries have a highway tax per day. Others a road tax per night. In some parts of the world you pay a tax on your car radio. In others they seal your radio, believing it might be used for military purposes. In England you even pay a graduated yearly tax on your home radio set. And an especially high tax on a short wave set. In France they tax the radio dealer so that the price of the individual set is fantastic. In Germany, Italy, Russia and Japan you must be a government official or a millionaire to own one. In all of Europe except England, each incorporative township has its own custom house. Thus each time you go to the town nearest to the place in which you live you must stop and submit to a search of the vehicle in which you are traveling to see whether you are carrying taxable objects. Only tourists are excepted from this.

Though Europe has never had prohibition except in a few small countries, Europe is temperate because of its stringent liquor laws. In England, for instance, you cannot imbibe intoxicating liquor between two and four-thirty P. M., or between 11 P. M. and 9 A. M. Promptly when the chimes of Big Ben in London strike eleven, the waiter clears off the table—not only the bottles but the glasses as well. Violators are promptly sent to jail to await trial the next morning, and a stiff sentence is always imposed.

In Belgium (*Continued on page* 78)



The author, left, has traveled all over Europe in the trailer shown entering England above.

Below, Rome—where Mussolini's men gave Vanderbilt the thrill of the year —and later expelled him.



The Sequel to

Fictionized from KEITH FOWLER'S radio fantasy



It was none other than Rudy Vallee who sent one of his trained historians delving into the problem of what happened to Snow White and Prince Charming after their marriage. After careful research, the historian, Keith Fowler, emerged with a playlet which was presented on the Vallee Hour on NBC, with Edith Barrett and Vincent Price enacting the roles of Snow White and the Prince; and it is from this playlet that the following short story has been adapted.

"Well," said Grumpy, "it's asking a lot, but—take it. The roof leaks anyway."

ONE year ago today! One year ago today, thought Snow White, the wedding bells were pealing, the seven dwarfs were escorting her up the aisle of the church—it was Doc who actually gave her away, but all seven of them had insisted on accompanying her to the altar—and Charming had been standing there waiting for her, looking divinely handsome and darlingly nervous over the whole thing. And all the church windows had been open, so that her friends from the forest—the deer, the rabbits, the raccoons and the squirrels and all the rest—could stand there and look in.

Snow White sighed, and looked across the breakfast table. There he was, her husband, with his face completely hidden behind the morning edition of the Never Never Land *Tribune*. Every morning it was the same. He didn't even know she was around.

"Good morning, dear," she ventured. "How are you feeling today?"

From the depths of the paper came a far-away "Hmmmm?"

"I said—how are you feeling today?"

"Who—me? Oh, fine, thank you dear." A hand groped around the edge of the paper, located a coffee cup, and carried it out of sight.

Snow White gritted her little white teeth. "Would you mind putting that paper down?" she asked. "And talking to me a little bit?"

Prince Charming lowered the paper and peered over the top. "But darling," he objected, "I've explained to you how it is. I have to read it. I have

Snow White



DECORATIONS BY BOB RIEGER
AND HANK CRANDALL
(With apologies to Disney)

What's this? Why, your one and only chance to follow the fortunes of the year's most beloved characters

duties to perform—and if I don't read the paper, how will I know what they are? See, here's my schedule for today. At ten o'clock I attend a meeting of the United Home and Garden Clubs, and plant a magic beanstalk. At noon I am to be called upon by a delegation of amateur dragon killers. At three o'clock a group of wise men are coming to confer upon me a degree in applied alchemy."

"And where will I be while all this is going on?" asked Snow White hotly, attacking her soft-boiled peahen's egg. "I'll be sitting all alone in my room, staring at the four walls."

"Oh, now—" the Prince began soothingly.

"Yes, I will!" Snow White's lip began to tremble. "I get so terribly bored, doing nothing all day long, never seeing you, thinking back about all the things you said before we were married—"

"Now, just what do you mean by that?" asked the Prince in an injured tone. "All I said was that I'd make you happy—and if you aren't happy with all I've given you, you just don't want to be. What other girl has a complete set of gold furniture? Or a cloth-of-platinum bedspread—or a mirror made out of one big diamond?"

"I can't see myself in it as well as I could in the dwarfs' little cracked one!"

"And what other girl eats the finest, richest foods? You've gained at least ten pounds."

"Now that's not fair! I've gained exactly two pounds!"

"Swan giblets for lunch—pheasant for dinner."

Snow White dabbed at her eyes with her napkin. "What are swan giblets without love?" she asked.

"But I love you," the Prince said patiently.

"Do you know how you said that? 'I love you.' You might have been saying, 'I think it will rain.' "

Prince Charming tossed the paper to the floor. "A person in my position can't turn himself into a poet," he said. "I have weighty problems on my mind."

Snow White sniffed, and might have said more, but at that moment a fanfare of trumpets sounded from outside the castle walls and she jumped up.

"Oh, visitors!" she cried. "Who can it be so early?"

A page opened the double doors and stood stiffly at attention. "Be it known," he chanted, "that two have come to pay their respects to their Royal Highnesses. Their names are Mr. Doc and Mr. Grumpy."

"Oh, it's my darling Doc and my adorable Grumpy!"

"All right. Bring them in," the Prince said crossly.

Snow White pounced on them the minute they entered the room, pulling them after her to the breakfast table. "You angels," she cried, "I've never been so happy to see anyone. How are you, Doc?"

"Oh, I'm in fine kettle—fine fettle."

"And how are you, Grumpy?"

"Rotten, thanks," said Grumpy.

"But where are all the other boys?"

"We're a sort of delegation," Grumpy explained. "Doc's got a speech to make."

Doc squared himself off, stuck out his chin, and began: "Dear Princess, I squeak—I speak from a heart chilled with fear—er—filled with cheer. . . ."

"Try it again," Snow White said sympathetically.

"Dear Princess, on this day your feet—your sweet face grows—blows—glows. . . ."

"Aw, he'll never get it out," Grumpy said. "He just wants to make a speech about your anniversary. Crazy idea. Lot of bunk."

Prince Charming jumped slightly in his chair. "Uh—what anniversary?" he asked timidly.

"Ours, dear. We were married a year ago today. Or had it completely slipped your mind?"

"Well—yes, I guess it did."

Grumpy began to bristle even more than usual. "You mean to say he didn't know it? I always said he wasn't good enough for you!"

"You keep out of this!" the Prince snapped. He felt guilty, and feeling guilty always made him cross. Besides, he'd always been just a little bit jealous of those dwarfs.

"Don't you dare say that to Grumpy!" Snow White flared up. "Don't you *dare!*"

"Snow White," Doc asked, his eyes round with amazement and distress, "aren't you and the prince sappy—er, happy?"

"I'm afraid not, Doc," she said.

"Oh, this is dreadful! If you aren't happy it spoils my whole speech, and it was a speech of a peach—a peach of a—"

"I'm sure it must have been grand, but it wouldn't suit the occasion."

"If you give me crime—time," he pleaded, "I could write another one. I could say: Dear Princess, we are sledding beers—shedding tears on your anniversary—"

"Shut up," said the Prince, "before I stuff you in a knot-hole!"

"You'll have to obey him, Doc," Snow White warned him. "We are his subjects and he is our monarch."

"He's just a loud-mouth," said Grumpy, and Doc stoutly insisted, "I won't shut up. He doesn't snare me . . . share me . . . scare me."

"My dear," the Prince asked ominously, "doesn't it occur to your little playmates that I could put them in a dungeon for the rest of their lives?"

"You—you tyrant!" Snow White gasped.

"Now I've really had enough. I just forget what day it is and you're trying to make an ogre out of me."

"You're uglier than an ogre," Grumpy said.

Snow White drew herself up to her full five feet and half an inch. "Prince Charming," she announced, "this is the end of our life together. From this hour forward, I will never darken your door again!"

"Oh now, let's be sensible. You're just upset—"

"No, my mind is made up. I must leave."

"All right, then—leave! I'll send a flunky to help you pack. And turn your crown over to the royal treasurer."

Snow White fought to keep back the tears, sobbing, "Oh, to think it should come to this!"

"Never mind," Grumpy consoled her. "You can come back and stay with us. Kinda crowded, but I guess we can put up with it."

"I will," Snow White exclaimed. "I'll come with you now. I'll love to be back in our tiny house—and it will be so much nicer for the baby."

For the second time that morning Prince Charming jumped. "What?" he exclaimed: "Darling, did you say *baby?*"

"Yes."

"You—you're . . ."

"Yes."

"I—I— Why doesn't somebody *tell* me about these things?"

"Well," Snow White said, "I didn't think you'd be interested."



"And Dopey can make a lot of new laws—he's just the man for it."

"But it's mine!" the Prince said. "Here, Grumpy — Doc — have a cigar! A baby! *My* baby!"

"Ours, dear," Snow White said quietly, but he didn't hear her. He was rushing on:

"Darling, I've just had the most splendid idea!"

"Something to do with affairs of state?"

"With us. The house in the woods would be nicer for the baby. Why can't we all go there—you, and I and—it?"

"What do you think our house is made of—rubber?" asked Grumpy.

Snow White, her face shining with happiness, went down on her knees in front of the little men. "You've done so much for us already," she begged, "but won't you do just one thing more? Won't you let the Prince and me live in your house, if we let you come and live here in the palace?"

"And I'll appoint the dwarfs to act for me here in the kingdom while we're away," the Prince added. "Grumpy can be the executioner—he'll like that—and Doc can be the Speaker of the House—and Sleepy—"

"He'll be the first lord of the Bedchamber," said Snow White.

"And Happy can be the court jester—"

"And Sneezy the court physician—

"And Bashful can wait on the ladies in waiting—"

"But what can poor Dopey do?"

The Prince pondered. "I have it! Dopey can make a lot of new laws. He's just the man for it. . . . How about it, boys? Can we have the cottage?"

"Well," said Grumpy, "it's asking a lot, but—take it. The roof leaks anyway."

"This is the happiest day of my life!" said Snow White.

"Page," ordered the Prince, "take a memo to the kingdom. Be it known that the Prince and Princess are leaving for a sojourn of indefinite length. Be it known they have decided to live their own lives free of the travail of state affairs. Be it known they are absolutely determined to live happily ever after."

"Of course you will," Doc agreed. "No more quarrels—no more bites—fights. This is the biggest pill—thrill I've ever had."

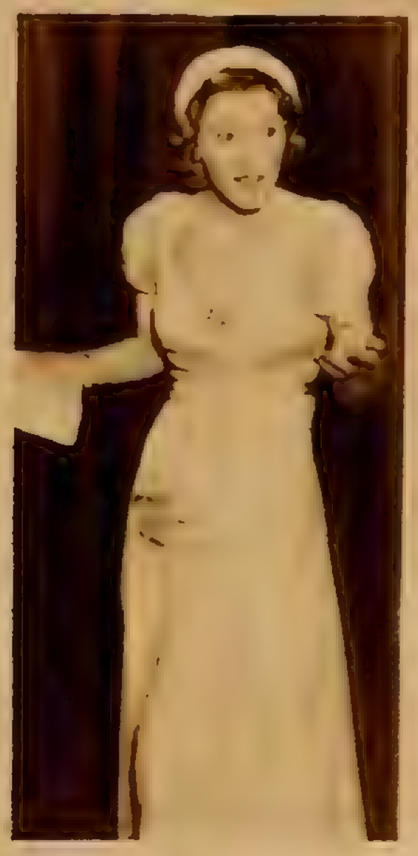
The Prince bent down and whispered in Doc's ear: "Confidentially, Doc, I've got my fingers crossed."

BEFORE YOU TRY THAT *Second* MARRIAGE

—let Helen Menken, who has learned from experience, show you how to avoid heartache and make a success of your first

by Judy Ashley





"Be afraid of divorce if you want to be happy," warns the star of the CBS serial, Second Husband. Left, an action shot of Miss Menken at the mike.

"OH, yes," we say, "he's her second husband. She was married before, to So-and-So, but they got a divorce."

We speak of divorce, in this modern world, as casually as that. "Divorce" and "remarriage" are just words to all of us who have never experienced either of them. They are shopworn words. They've been used so often, and so carelessly, that they no longer convey to our understanding the tragedies and the heartbreak that lie behind them.

Only a woman who has actually been through divorce, has actually seen the dissolution of her home, has lived for a time as a single woman, and then has remarried, knows the real meaning of those small, insignificant words. She knows they're not words, but realities.

But sometimes such a woman can tell others what she has experienced, and give them a message that will help them in their own lives—either to find happiness after one disastrous marriage, or, more important, to make that first marriage successful and lasting.

Helen Menken, who has been married, divorced, and married again, is such a woman. Frankly and honestly, she told me what divorce had meant to her and how she had learned, through one failure, to make a success of the second.

Helen Menken, besides being a distinguished American actress and the star of the CBS serial drama, Second Husband (which happens to discuss this same problem in a fictional vein), is the wife of Dr. Henry T. Smith. Her first marriage, short-lived and unhappy, was to Humphrey Bogart, the moving picture actor. Her second marriage is everything that a marriage should be.

And yet, at the very start of our talk, she said:

"There should be *no* second marriages. Everything connected with divorce and subsequent remarriage is, to me, sordid and unpleasant. If I learned anything from divorce, it was that divorce is hateful.

"My second marriage has been extremely happy. But I am not proud of being married a second time. I wish that others could be spared the anguish of knowing that their marriages have failed. Because it *is* anguish. In every divorce, *two* people are hurt. Unless you are inordinately stupid, you can never say to yourself, 'It was all his fault. (*Continued on page* 59)

Betty and Bob



Too late Bob learns a man can't divorce his wife and have her too

A FICTIONIZATION BY LYNN BURR OF THE POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM OF THE SAME NAME

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The story thus far:

BETTY DRAKE returned from a vacation trip with her little son, Bobby, to Florida, to find her irresponsible husband involved with the mysterious Countess Velvaine. On the very night of her arrival, Bob took the Countess to dinner, and a few days later he asked Betty for a divorce. Unable to believe that he really wanted to divorce her—any more than she would have wanted to divorce him and marry her good friend Harvey Drew—Betty consented because Bob seemed so troubled. What she did not know was that the Countess had fooled Bob into believing he was guilty of murder, and was forcing him to marry her as the price of her silence. Nor did Bob realize that the countess was planning with her sweetheart, Cedric Hubert, to marry Bob, fleece him of his inheritance, and then run away from him. On the day of the divorce, Betty saw the Countess leave the court room in Cedric's company, and determined to follow them. Hurriedly making her excuses, she and Jane Hartford, her best friend, set out in pursuit of the Countess and Cedric in a taxicab, toward the Hotel Louis the Fourteenth, a rooming-house in the slums.

Part II

VELVAINE stood on the threshold of the barren little fourth floor hotel room. Behind her stood Cedric, automatic in hand. Before her, on a dirty disheveled bed, lay Pierre. His eyes were deep in their sockets, his face haggard and drawn with pain. But when he saw Velvaine standing before him, he smiled.

"Good afternoon, madam." His voice, although now little more than a forced whisper, still possessed its suave politeness. "You have come to kill Pierre? I've been expecting you."

Velvaine involuntarily stepped back.

"Don't go, madame. Stay and listen to the words of a dying man. Yes," he nodded his head, "your stupid poison is finally doing its job. That's why I sent for you." He chuckled to himself. "You wonder how you found me so easily? It is because I wanted you to find me."

"What is this, a trap?" Velvaine looked furtively around the room.

"No, just the last wish of a dying man. A man who has been a rotter most of his life, who wants to do the world one last favor before he dies . . . by taking you with me!"

"Cedric!" Velvaine screamed, tried to step back. Cedric fired twice, in quick succession. Pierre slumped



Illustration by Edgar McGraw

back against the pillows. For a second he lay still, the smile still frozen on his face. Then, slowly his hand came from beneath the covers, knuckles white as they held a sinister black German luger.

Panic stricken, Cedric fired again. The black luger never wavered. Velvaine screamed.

Then Pierre smiled weakly, and pulled the trigger.

Velvaine lurched back against the wall. For a brief second pain crossed her face, then it was gone. She slumped slowly down to the floor, lay still.

Cedric stood there, frozen, motionless, his eyes staring. Suddenly he screamed, dropped his gun. Like a crazy man he rushed from the room, down the hall. At the end was a fire escape door, left ajar. As he came through the doorway he tried to slow down. It was too late. He hit the low railing of the fire escape, lost his balance. For just a second he hung there.

Then he fell.

AS the cab stopped in front of the hotel, an excited crowd of milling people jammed the sidewalk. Betty leaned out the window, called to a boy standing on the curb. "What happened?"

"A shooting, lady, that's all I know."

Betty turned to Jane. "I've got to find out."

"Wait." Jane held her arm. "There's Officer Duffy, who used to be in our neighborhood." She leaned out. "Oh, Mr. Duffy."

The officer, pushing his way out of the crowd, was obviously in a great hurry, but he stopped at the cab door.

"Hello, Mrs. Drake. Hello, Mrs. Hartford. And praise be, what are ye doin' in this neighborhood?"

"We're . . . we're doing social work," Jane answered. "Oh, Duffy, please tell us what all the excitement is about."

Duffy smiled. "Sure, and I'm in a hurry but I'll tell you a little. Two blokes and a society dame named Countess Velvaine have shot each other full of holes."

"They're dead?"

"That they are! But the real news is this. The bloke left a confession. Seems this Countess was blackmailing some innocent fella here in town who believed he had committed a murder. Now we know who the real murderers are, and . . . well, that's all I can tell you. You can be reading the details in the newspapers." Touching his cap, he rushed off down the street.

Betty looked at Jane a moment. Now the whole puzzle was clear. "Come on. We've got to phone Bob."

It was George who answered the phone, and briefly, excitedly, Betty told him the news.

"Holy smoke," he exclaimed. "So that's what was going on."

"Yes. Bob is there, isn't he?"

"In the other room, pacing the floor, lighting one cigarette after another. I'll tell him right away. Hold the wire."

The seconds ticked into minutes, and gradually Betty began to get nervous. What had happened to George? Why was he taking so long? What had happened?

"Betty!" George's voice suddenly burst through shaking and filled with panic. "Betty, come quickly! Bob has collapsed!"



Often before Bob's impulsiveness had threatened their marriage—but now . . .

THE long polished corridor of the hospital was cold, cold with the starched efficiency of hurrying nurses, the smell of antiseptics. In one of these rooms was Bob, her Bob, and all she could do was stand there in that reception room, waiting, waiting. After what seemed like hours she saw the familiar figure of Dr. Warren coming towards her. She rushed to meet him, searching his face for some clue.

"Mrs. Drake, you mustn't excite yourself, but Bob is a very sick man. He's suffering from a form of brain fever, brought on by over-wrought nerves and his weakened physical condition. The burden on his mind was just too great, and the news of this person's death was the final, crushing blow?"

"He won't . . . he won't die, will he?"

"No, that's not what I'm afraid of so much as . . ."

"As what?" Betty grabbed his arm.

Dr. Warren studied her a moment before he answered. "Complete loss of his mind, or insanity. You see," he continued, "Bob's mind is in a state of semi-unconsciousness. He can only whisper in monosylables, apparently unaware of people, of things about him. From this he may return to normal, or slip even further into his world of shadows. Only time will tell."

"Time?"

"Yes. We must build him up physically first. After that it may take weeks, or months, or . . ."

Slowly she walked through the door, and down the long flight of steps. Bob, poor Bob. Suddenly she felt alone and helpless. She wished Jane had come with her, dreaded the long ride home alone in a taxi. She didn't see the tall figure who passed her going up the steps, but he saw her, turned and came back.

"Betty, I've just heard. Is there anything I can do?"

"Harvey." She looked at his face, so quiet, so understanding. "Harvey Drew. Yes, take me home, will you?"

Once in the back seat of his huge town car, the barriers seemed to fall, and she made no effort to control them. Here was a refuge, a strong, understanding shoulder to cry on, and for countless blocks she completely relaxed and let the tears roll unheeded. Harvey's arm was around her shoulder in a big-brotherly manner, and somehow this made it easier too.

"That's right," he finally said softly, "cry it out. It's the best thing in the world for you."

"Oh Harvey, you're such a friend. I don't ever have to pretend with you. I don't even have to be a grown-up, I can just be a little girl again and bawl all over the place, and still you understand."

"I know. How is Bob?"

"I don't know." She tried as best she could to explain his condition. "It may be months."

Harvey looked out the window for several moments in silence before he spoke. "Betty," he said slowly, "please don't misunderstand this, but . . . but if you need any money . . . you know I have quite a bit."

"Oh, no . . . I'll manage. I still have a little money. There's my inheritance, which Bob would never let me use, and I'm still a pretty good stenographer."

"Yes," Harvey said thoughtfully, as the car stopped in front of Betty's home, "that might be a good idea. Worrying won't help any, and you ought to have something to occupy your mind."

She clasped his hand as the chauffeur opened the door. "Thank you, Harvey. Somehow you have the rare ability always to say just the right thing at just the right time."

During the weeks that followed, with Bob getting no better and no worse, Betty began to realize the wisdom of Harvey's words. She must take her mind off Bob's illness. She must too, have some income other than just the few dollars from (*Continued on page* 63)

FIDLER REALLY *Hates* SCANDAL

By CARROLL GRAHAM

Proving you don't know Hollywood's number-one Horatio Alger hero, who can't understand why you ever listen to him



"AND I do mean you."

Twice a week, approximately twenty million radio listeners hear a slightly bewildered young man conclude his national broadcast with those words.

The slightly bewildered young man is Jimmie Fidler. He is bewildered because he doesn't quite understand how it all happened.

How what all happened? Listen to this:

His sponsors—he advertises a brand of shampoo for a nationally known soap company—pay him $3,500 a week for two fifteen minute programs. On these programs he babbles about the gossip, the scandals, the goings-on of Hollywood.

He writes a gossip column about Hollywood which is syndicated to more than two hundred newspapers.

A national radio check-up places him second in popularity only to the perennial team of Amos 'n Andy for fifteen minute programs.

He recently signed a contract with a major motion picture company to be featured in three films. For the first, he will be paid $50,000; for the second, $75,000; for the third, $100,000. After this, the producers hold an option on his further services calling for three pictures a year for five years. If the option is exercised, Jimmie faces the monotonous routine of receiving $125,000 a picture, with no hope of a raise in sight.

He acts as narrator on a series of two-reel pictures made from old film, showing the early days of Hollywood. It is estimated that the first one, called Jimmie Fidler's Hollywood Parade, will net him about $30,000, which is practically chicken feed to Jimmie these days.

Every prominent radio comedian—Jolson, Cantor, Benny, Phil Baker, Edgar Bergen, et al—has smart-cracked or paraphrased his now famous finish line, one of the surest proofs of popularity. Another comedian, Georgie Jessel, has devoted most of several national broadcasts to denouncing Fidler for his remarks about Hollywood and its celebrities.

Now do you wonder that the young man is slightly bewildered?

This being a sort of Horatio Alger story, it should be pointed out that Jimmie never intended or expected to be on the radio at all and did very little himself to get on it.

The closest he ever came to being an actor was in 1919, just after he had been honorably discharged as a lieutenant in the U. S. Marines. Turning up in Hollywood with almost nothing left of the sixty dollars the government had given him, Jimmie worked a few days as an extra in the movies.

Being something of a talker—as he has since proven beyond a doubt—he got the job of motion picture critic on a Hollywood paper. It was a job for which he was singularly ill-equipped, since he had never been a newspaper man, and knew almost nothing about motion pictures.

However, he managed to hold it, probably because it wasn't much of a job, and the Hollywood paper wasn't much of a paper.

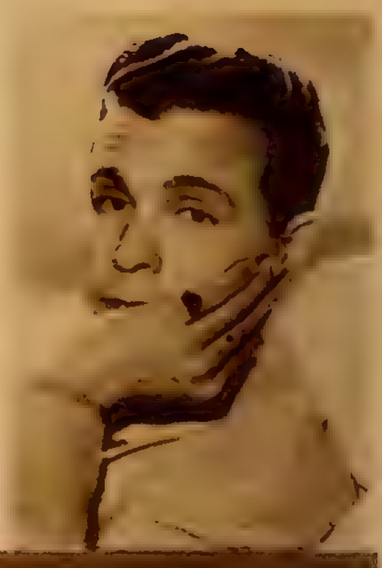
As a critic of the cinema, he received $20 a week, which was probably just about right. He stuck at this until Edmund Lowe, the actor, offered him $25 a week to act as his press agent. (*Continued on page* 73)

IF WAR COMES

THERE isn't any doubt in my mind as to what I'd do if the United States should enter another war. I'd do whatever my country required—which would probably be to don a uniform (I've worn so many on the screen that I'd feel right at home in one, anyway.), and start out for the nearest training camp.

I'd prefer to serve in the air corps if I had my choice. Second to that, I'd like to serve in the navy. However, that's merely personal preference, and I wouldn't quibble over the matter. I'd gladly do my bit in whatever job Uncle Sam thought I could be of the greatest service to him.

In the event of war, it would be the duty of every American to drop whatever he is doing, at no matter how great a sacrifice to himself, and offer his services to the nation.



DICK POWELL: "I'D FEEL AT HOME IN A UNIFORM."



THERE is no excuse for war, and if war comes I shall sing no songs to raise funds to send my husband and other women's husbands to a bloody death!

Perhaps I shall be called "ostrich" by those who rouse the country to a rabid state of militancy. My friends may accuse me of being unpatriotic, but my belief that war is not necessary to America is the core of my patriotism.

No, I shall have no part of war. I will work long and hard and sincerely to prevent it. If war looms imminent, I will appeal to America to take its stand for peace; to repulse the efforts of clever propagandists to rouse them to a fighting fury; to divorce themselves from this barbarous system which so callously decrees destruction.

I will plead with women wherever my voice can reach them: "Let us never again let war rob the world of our men."

JEANETTE MACDONALD: "I SHALL SING NO SONGS TO RAISE FUNDS."

WE are living in hectic times, when nations fly at each other's throats without warning, and treaties are mere scraps of paper.

If America were attacked today, she would find herself in a precarious position. We seem to have learned nothing from the last conflict. The average American isn't fit to fight.

My dismal experience in the Navy during the World War makes me a strong believer in Preparedness. I was ordered to shoulder a gun which I had not been taught to shoot, and with it stand guard over millions of dollars in payroll money! It didn't impress me much then because I was unmarried but my perspective has changed since I became the father of four children.

Every man over eighteen years of age should be required to take military training.



PHIL BAKER: "THE AVERAGE AMERICAN ISN'T FIT TO FIGHT."



SURE, I was in the last war—but I still don't know what it was all about! All I know is that they started having a big hurrah around Van Buren—it was like a revival meetin'—with men standin' up on a big platform shoutin' and wavin' their arms and music playin' and the crowd singin'. Joinin' that war was just like gettin' religion. But I still don't know what it was all about.

I do know this, however. It doesn't seem very intelligent for a whole nation to spend billions of dollars in sending an army abroad to protect the investments of a few individuals—investments which don't amount to one-tenth what a war costs.

I would think a long time before I would go abroad to fight in another foreign war. There's about only one way you could get me to do it. I'd go—if I could go on the same ship with the men whose foreign investments I was protecting.

BOB BURNS: "JOININ' THE WAR IS LIKE GETTIN' RELIGION."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What will I do if war comes? That is a question which must be in the mind of every man and woman today. It is a question everyone must answer for himself. But, in the replies given by these eight stars of radio, you should find much to help you solve your own problem, and—perhaps—much to surprise you as well.*

IN every country in the world today there are selfish interests with rackets that depend for profit on the hatred of one group of humans for another. These groups are actively conniving towards war for purely selfish reasons. America is not without such groups which might succeed in dragging America, a democratic country, into some undemocratic, selfish war.

In that sort of cause I would consider it my patriotic duty *not* to enlist.

However, there are other sorts of wars into which America might be plunged. America might be forced to fight a war to defend the country against aggression without, or oppression from within; or to defend the principle of democracy here or abroad. If either were threatened with extinction, I should enlist wholeheartedly and serve to the extent of my ability. I'm no rabid pacifist. If and when the struggle comes I'll know what to do.



EDWARD G. ROBINSON: "IN THAT SORT OF CAUSE—MY DUTY NOT TO ENLIST."



IF war comes—that has a terrifying sound! And yet we must all be aware that war is present in so many places in the world today. We must face the question as to what our personal attitude and actions might be, if such a calamity should involve our country.

First of all, I think all of us agree that our present duty is to do all that is humanly within our power to prevent the scourge of war in our land. I think, too, that we must do what we can to spread the doctrine of peace not only in America, but throughout the world. Despite all our anxious hopes, if war overtook our nation, we would have but one choice. Each of us would have a sacred duty to give all obedience to our government.

Just let's all remember this—we love our country and we'd everyone of us work for it in time of war—be sure we work *just* as hard to preserve our peace!

KATE SMITH: "WE WOULD HAVE BUT ONE CHOICE."

IN the event of another war, radio will be a tremendous factor in welding the country into a single patriotic whole. Millions of Americans could be easily reached by inspirational and patriotic broadcasts which would mold the thoughts and actions of the nation.

Heaven forbid that America become involved in another struggle! But if we should find ourselves at war, I would offer my services in whatever capacity I could be of service, as would every true American.

In the World War my job was to raise war loan funds and to entertain troops and keep up "morale." All of the entertainers who had donated their services worked under the greatest difficulties to bring cheer and inspiration to "our boys" and to encourage wives, mothers and fathers at home.

Radio will probably take our place in a future war.



EDDIE CANTOR: "I WOULD OFFER MY SERVICES IN WHATEVER CAPACITY . . ."



I DON'T see much sense in wars. I certainly wouldn't go out of my way to get into one—any more than I'd pitch in if I saw two kids fighting in the street.

But if a war comes in this country—and the thing to do is join it—why sure, I'll sign up. Of course, they probably won't want me—they generally prefer the young and healthy ones to take out and get killed! But if they do want me, I'll go without a single objection.

I know that soldiers live a hard life, but I've knocked around a bit and I believe I can still take it. I wouldn't like to leave my wife behind—but what the devil, we're going to be separated when I die, anyway.

I wouldn't feel especially patriotic or noble about going either! I'd simply try to make the best of it. War is one of the major experiences that can happen to a man—I'd try to profit from it some way—and I'd try to have a good time too.

AL JOLSON: "I DON'T SEE MUCH SENSE IN WARS, BUT . . ."





INSPIRED BY THE RADIO TRIUMPHS OF ARTURO TOSCANINI

Never before in the history of the world has the most expensive of all luxuries—music—been available to everyone in such vast quantities as we hear today. Thanks to radio, great, costly orchestras play almost daily in your home—yours to enjoy for the mere turning of a dial. Such a widespread opportunity to hear great music makes this series of articles important to every radio owner, since really to appreciate music you should know its extremely human story. And nothing could be more fitting than that these articles be dedicated to the man who last winter, under the sponsorship of the National Broadcasting Company, provided the greatest music of all, and who next winter will repeat his triumphs — Arturo Toscanini.

(For your convenience, at the end of this article there is printed a list, as complete as possible, of all broadcasts of good music now on the air.)

I LIKE music, but I don't understand much about it."

You must have heard these words scores of times. Perhaps you've said them yourself. But as a matter of fact, you don't have to understand music; you have only to listen to it and feel it. For music is primarily emotion. Nobody really *understands* it. You can *understand* a chart or a written page, where words and figures are used that mean the same thing to everybody. But music is different. Nobody knows for certain the emotions a man was experiencing when he wrote a piece a hundred years ago. And no words or figures can tell him. Music is a personal adventure for each of us, and your reactions are as real to *you* as Toscanini's are to him. That's what makes music something to be enjoyed, not to be understood.

These articles will not show you how to understand music, then. But, I hope, they will talk about music as something that you can enjoy and receive pleasure from. Just as your interest in a famous personality who has given you pleasure on the air or in the movies is increased by reading a story that tells you about his beginnings and his private life, so I want to increase your pleasure in the wealth of music now being broadcast by telling you how music started, how it grew and changed, and how different men have affected it. In its way, this is a "personality story" about an art instead of about a person.

What is "good" music? What makes it different from "popular" music? To a certain extent (though



A fascinating new series to double your pleasure in radio—a "personality story" of a great art, from folk song to symphony

By ROSE HEYLBUT

not entirely, of course), the difference is nothing but a misconception. Good music is only music that is so beautiful it goes on living and giving pleasure to people long after less beautiful music has been forgotten. You can see this happening to strictly popular tunes today.

But *Old Man River* is on its way to becoming a "classic". Not because it is any more "highbrow" than it was when it functioned as part of a hit show, but because it goes on giving you more pleasure than a lot of other hits. Many of today's classics were popular music in their own day. Schubert was publicly snubbed for writing anything as "popular" as waltz tunes!

Some years ago, the theme of Chopin's *Fantasia Impromptu* was used as the tune of *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows,* as which it was whistled by youngsters who had never heard of Chopin. *Let's Fall In Love* bore a strong family resemblance to a part of the opera *Faust; Wagon Wheels,* to Dvorak's *New World Symphony;* and *Yes, We Have No Bananas,* to the mighty *Hallelujah Chorus* from Handel's *Messiah!* You may be whistling classic themes all day, without knowing it. Which proves that the classic themes are pleasant enough, provided the classic tag isn't too evident.

FROM the earliest dawn of mankind, the sound and rhythm of music have been an instinctive means of expressing joy, sorrow, religion, ecstasy. The cavemen got it out of their systems by guttural cries (sound), and a beating of palms and a stamping of feet (rhythm). As man developed, he expressed himself through more beautiful sounds, more intimate emotions, and more complicated instruments . . . and there, in a nutshell, is the story of music. Music and mankind have developed together. The caveman, the mediaeval monk, the bards, Beethoven, Gershwin, and the housewife who hums at her tasks while the radio plays, are all trying in differing degrees, to express their emotions through sound and rhythm.

The place that did the most for music is Europe; the time, the 1500's onwards. Let's take a flier through time and space and station ourselves in a grandstand in the middle of Europe, around 1550, while music marches before us, on its way to a gay life from a colorful background. From this point we can look forward to the beginning of music as we know it today, and backward upon the (*Continued on page* 65)

Charlie

By MARIAN RHEA

Why has Edgar Bergen never married? This absorbing life story tells the reason for the first time

■

Edgar at Chicago's Chez Paree with—to quote him—"a coupla dolls and a coupla dummies."

Below, Charlie and the man who saved his "life" and became Edgar's best friend—Ken Murray.





Edgar's Christmas cards are famous for their cleverness. Above, one of vaudeville days.

Mc Carthy's Father

The Story Thus Far:

BACK in Decatur, Illinois, one day about twenty-five years ago, a tow-headed kid not yet in his 'teens, "threw his voice" into an apple pie, scaring his mother mightily but proving to himself that he was a ventriloquist. His name was Edgar Bergen and that day marked the beginning of a career which, with the aid of Charlie McCarthy, the "dummy" he acquired a few years later, has brought him into the foremost ranks of radio and screen celebrities.

At first Edgar planned to become an electrical engineer. But his father died, and moving to Chicago with his mother and elder brother, Clarence, he eventually changed his mind. As he had in Decatur, he became a popular entertainer in his high school circles, (especially after he had Charlie made) and by the time he was ready for college his talent had so developed that he secured a year's work in Chautauqua and, after he had entered Northwestern University, a "spot" during his summer vacations.

It was while he was with the Chautauqua one summer, that he fell in love with Ila Olerich, a member of his troupe. Young and impractical, the two made few plans for the future, contenting themselves with the romance of the present. But the summer ended, and with it their summer idyl. Ila went away to New York and Edgar never saw her again.

During the latter part of his college career, Edgar tried hard to get into vaudeville and finally succeeded.

PART III

THE Armenian Strong Man didn't like Charlie McCarthy. His antipathy had been apparent ever since the vaudeville troupe, of which he and Charlie and Edgar Bergen were members, went on the road. He was jealous. He would stand, glowering, in the wings while Edgar and Charlie were doing their act, audibly suspicious of an individual who, although patently stuffed with sawdust, could move and talk the way Charlie could.

The Strong Man could balance pianos on the palm of his hand. He had been a prize fighter once and resented everything about the suave Mr. McCarthy—especially the fact that he, The Great Chandor, must precede Charlie on the bill and that he received for his piano juggling less pay and less applause. Now on this particular day Charlie had gone so far as to make fun of him to the audience:

"Ladeees and gentlemen! I will now perform a grrrreat feeeeeat! I will lift this piano with one hand. . . . "

The McCarthy imitation was perfect, and when Charlie, gasping with the effort, finally raised a miniature piano on high, it was too much for The Great Chandor. He resolved to put an end to such business, once and for all.

"I show him! I twist his neck like it was sausage," he muttered, flexing his mighty muscles in bloodthirsty anticipation.

It looked as though he wouldn't have long to wait, either. As he strode angrily down the backstage passageway toward the dressing rooms, he saw that the Bergen-McCarthy door was open and that Charlie, seated upright on a chair, smiling blandly, was alone.

You've got to hand it to Charlie. He kept on smiling, even when The Great Chandor yanked him up by one arm and wound greedy fingers around his throat. But Edgar, luckily happening in just then, didn't smile. Instead, he swore, and heedless of the fact that he might not be a match for a Strong Man, rushed to Charlie's rescue.

(*Continued on page* 56)



Because Charlie was too gallant, Edgar had just a bit of trouble with this Laplander.

Happy Birthday to You



Singing telegrams are meant to make the heart grow fonder, but there was one thing George didn't take into account

Fictionized from the radio play by Tom Lewis, first broadcast on the Kate Smith Hour, over CBS.

Illustrations by Francois

"Send your friends the greeting unique! For birthdays, anniversaries, holidays, and every occasion, let our specially trained singing telephone operators sing your good wishes over the telephone. . . ."

—From an advertisement of the Ajax Telegram Company.

DRENA dialed a number viciously. "Hello," she cooed into the mouthpiece, "Is this Mr. John Jurgenson?" Then she burst into song. "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday, John Jurgenson, happy birthday to you! Signed, your loving wife Nellie."

Having delivered this edifying sentiment, Drena hung up and twisted around in her chair just in time to watch Addie complete the singing of a message to one Mrs. Wilbur Dudley: "Congratulations on your bundle of joy, I know you're happy whether it's a girl or a boy! Signed, The Club."

"Well, that's that," Addie said. "Another day, another dollar . . . or so. Here, Junior, file these bundles of joy." She tossed a bundle of singograms to Hank, the office boy.

Drena stood up. Funny, how that awful refrain kept running through her head: "Hap-py *birth*-day to *you*-oo-oo, hap-py *birth*-day to *you*"—when she'd have given anything she possessed to get rid of it, just for a few hours at least.

"Say," Addie ventured, in the cloak room, "I know it sounds pretty trite after you've sung it eighty times today yourself—but—Happy Birthday, honey."

Drena's pale, heart-shaped face broke into a smile. "Thanks, Addie. . . . Ready?"

"What's the hurry? The subway's just as crowded now as it'll ever be."

"Well . . . George is coming over tonight," Drena told her.

Addie lost all her habitual good humor and began to glower. "And you're going to tell him. . . .?"



She looked at the two bits of pasteboard, and her eyes filled with tears.

"George is *good*, Addie," Drena said defensively. "He's steady and dependable. And he does love me. I know he does."

"But *you* don't love *him*," Addie said. "Aw, Drena, I know how you feel. If I'd come to New York intending to be an opera singer, and ended up warbling birthday messages, I'd feel the same way. You're discouraged and unhappy, but that's no reason for going to work and making things worse."

"But that's not the reason," Drena insisted stoutly. "At least—not all of the reason. Of course, I don't like the job much. I'm getting so I can't look at a telephone booth without feeling as if I ought to go in and give a concert. But—well—I do *like* George. I like him a lot."

"Liking isn't loving."

Drena's erect little figure sagged ever so slightly, as if Addie's words had suddenly added an invisible weight to her shoulders. "Oh, well," she said in a small voice, "what's love but waiting, and working, and—and never getting anywhere? And being afraid you'll be a hindrance to the person you love. . . ."

Addie raised her eyes to the heavens in silent exasperation, but she said no more.

At Fifth Avenue and Forty-second street, Drena brightened into a desperate sort of gaiety. "Let's take a bus home instead of the subway," she suggested.

"It'll cost a nickel extra," Addie reminded her, "and you want that new hat."

"What's a nickel? It's spring, and it's my birthday." Suddenly she stopped, looked at a young man who had been standing on the corner and was coming toward them. "Now how do you suppose," she said, "that Joe knew we were getting out tonight at six-thirty?"

"Hello, Drena . . . Addie," (*Continued on page* 68)



Radio starlets are as good to look at as to listen to. Two of the loveliest, Anita (left) and Beryl Magee, heard on NBC's Our Barn, are also professional artists' models.



RADIO ROBS THE CRADLE

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

And in doing so provides a new training ground for the Crawfords and Taylors of tomorrow

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

BEING A CHILD



Actor Ronald Liss, 7, of CBS' Let's Pretend, is also an accomplished violinist. His sense of absolute pitch is possessed by few musicians.

BEFORE THE MIKE

CHILD actors take their jobs just as seriously as do grown-ups. They too spend long hours in studios, give autographs, and pose for publicity pictures like those on the opposite page. Both NBC and CBS have sustaining programs on which the youngsters work at first, before graduating to the higher pay of the big night-time commercials. In addition, all must spend the usual amount of time in school. Many attend the professional children's school.



Above, actress Pat Ryan of Let's Pretend, also dances and writes.



Handsome Kingsley Colton gives a studio visitor his autograph.



Betty Jane Tyler is a recent recruit to the Let's Pretend show.



Patricia Peardon has also worked with Katharine Cornell on tour.

STAR IS WORK



Posing's nothing new for five-year-old Diana Donnenwirth—she's made several movies.



Audrey Egan, fifteen years old, has grown up with *NBC*'s Coast to Coast on a Bus show.

BEFORE THE CAMERA

Serious Maria Miller, ten, is fairly new to the air. She's heard on *NBC*'s children's shows.

Jackie Kelk has been in the movies and plays leading roles in several serial programs.

Junior O'Day plays Peter Pig in Coast to Coast on a Bus and Ned Evans in Big Sister.







RADIO'S *the Perfect School* FOR ACTORS



For over a year, NBC's Charita Bauer has played a leading role in Broadway's comedy hit, "The Women."

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

RADIO seems to be just about the best method of learning how to act for stage or moving pictures—probably because if you can acquire poise before a microphone you will be poised anywhere. On this page are four of the many youngsters who divide their time between Let's Pretend, Our Barn, or Coast to Coast on a Bus, and the Broadway stage. Others, like Billy Halop or the Mauch twins, have gone on to Hollywood fame and fortune. Undoubtedly, the success of these children is due to the training given them by Nila Mack of CBS and Madge Tucker of NBC, the two women who produce all of their networks' sustaining children's programs. They hold two of radio's most interesting, as well as most difficult, jobs; since they must combine the talents of teacher, casting director, talent scout, producer, diplomat, business adviser, and substitute mother.



Claire Howard, at left, has played with Katharine Cornell. Her companion here is Carmina Cansino, of NBC.



Lawrence Robinson alternates in "On Borrowed Time" with another child actor.



The teachers who make success possible for these children: right, Nila Mack, CBS.



Jimmy McCallion took the leading role in "Roosty," one of this season's stage plays.



Madge Tucker began as NBC's Lady Next Door, now directs two programs each week.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK'S *Jack built*

Here's proof that Jack Benny is really building that house he's been bragging about. Our photographer dodged flying hammers and saws for this sneak preview.



The new Benny mansion in Beverly Hills has this pool in the back court. Another feature is Baby Joan Naomi's playroom which she personally decorated.



KNX *Marks the Spot*



If you tuned in after midnight, you'd have heard Edward G. Robinson and Jean Hersholt.



That's Jon Hall with Frances Langford on his right and Claire Trevor on his left.



The show couldn't go on without veteran Al Jolson and those two "hicks," Lum and Abner.

NOT more than a block away from where Cecil De Mille made Hollywood's first movie is CBS' new, ultra-modern West Coast headquarters, opened recently amid tremendous whoop-de-doo. At the corner of Sunset and Gower streets, surrounded by a typical Hollywood panorama which includes a mountain in the background, palm trees in the courtyard, roadsters at the curb and bleachers across the street, the cluster of buildings is christened Columbia Square, and houses the CBS Hollywood outlet, KNX. Many of your favorite network shows are now originating here. For the formal dedication, CBS mustered a solid twenty hours of big-time entertainment, starting at six in the morning, at which every local celebrity at least put in an appearance.





Left, Shirley Ross pauses for a drink of water. Above, the master control board, the most modern of any broadcasting studio.



Victor Young, composer and maestro, found movie actress Rochelle Hudson very charming.

Our ace cameraman caught lovely Joan Bennett as she was leaving the new studios.

A Star finds Beauty



RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

Left, Ann as she looked just before her resolution to remake her personality.

Below, there's nothing like a rowing machine to tighten up sagging muscles.

A RADIO star is apt to get the comforting idea that looks don't matter. But when Ann Jamison, soprano star of Hollywood Hotel, prepared for a concert debut, she realized that looks were almost as important as singing, so she determined to remake herself from the nice, but plain, girl at the left into the attractive young person on the opposite page. In a few weeks, with strenuous exercises, she reduced ten pounds and molded her figure into firm, compact lines. A beauty expert taught her makeup and brought out the natural beauty of her auburn hair. A dressmaker initiated her into the mysteries of becoming clothes, completing the transformation. There's a lesson here, for though Ann spent money, it was determination that really did the trick—a trick that any woman with similar determination to exercise, to experiment with makeup and clothes, can copy, without real cost involved.





Left, after the rowing machine came body exercises like this, to reduce weight.

Right, hundreds of brush strokes burnished Ann's hair and widened the waves in it.




And this is the girl who used to say that singing took up all her time and didn't leave any for making herself beautiful!

CLOTHES FOR FUN

Jane Pickens' cruise calls for a shirtwaist chiffon dress to wear on those romantic tropical nights.





For a shore weekend, Fredda Gibson chose this rose slacks outfit called Pajeeps. The fabric's soft as wool and cool as cotton. The shirt can be tucked in. The upsweeping Bayo straw hat is flattering. High cork-soled clogs serve to keep her feet out of the gritty sand. Fredda liked this black and white all-over shirred lastex swim suit with its smart, nipped-in-the-waistline, serviceable beach coat.

Hollace Shaw couldn't resist this quaint Dirndl in carnation print muslin for warm evenings in the country.





The spectator sports dress is invaluable for going ashore. Jane selected a pink, meshy-weave rayon.





For active sports, this Eleanor Tennant frock with jersey blazer and matching belt, is a must for Jane.

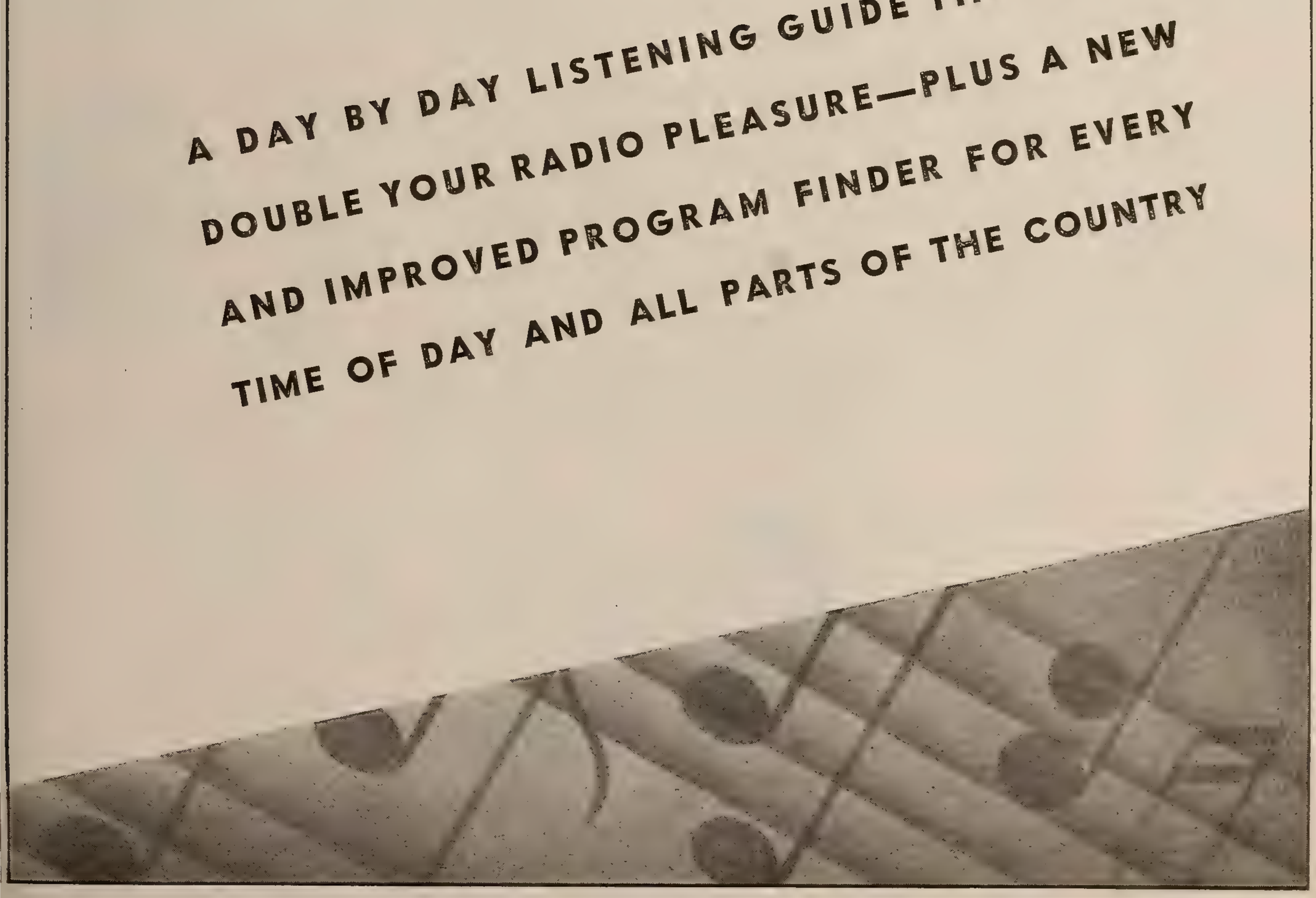
Radio Mirror's guide to what to wear if you think fun means breezy cruise days, burning hours at the seashore or exhilarating nights in the mountains

Clothes selected with the assistance of Sally Dickason, Travel Wardrobe Adviser, BONWIT TELLER—photographed by William Haussler.

RADIO MIRROR • almanac

JUNE 24 TO JULY 21

A DAY BY DAY LISTENING GUIDE THAT WILL DOUBLE YOUR RADIO PLEASURE—PLUS A NEW AND IMPROVED PROGRAM FINDER FOR EVERY TIME OF DAY AND ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00
			NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio**
			NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
			8:30
			NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
			NBC-Red: **Four Showmen**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Animal News**
			9:00
			CBS: **From The Organ Loft**
			NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
			NBC-Red: **Alice Remsen, Geo. Griffin**
			9:15
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Tom Terriss**
			9:30
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Melody Moments**
			9:55
		8:55	CBS: **Press Radio News**
			10:00
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Church Of The Air**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Russian Melodies**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Highlights Of The Bible**
			10:30
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Dreams of Long Ago**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Charles Paul**
	9:00	10:00	NBC: **Press Radio News**
			11:05
	9:05	10:05	NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen, contralto**
	9:05	10:05	NBC-Red: **Silver Flute**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
			11:30
8:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Major Bowes Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **America Abroad**
			11:45
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Bill Sterns**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Norsemen Quartet**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Radio City Music Hall**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Church Of The Air**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Madrigal Singers**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Foreign Program**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Empires Of The Moon**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Glen Darwin, Charlotte Lansing**
			1:45
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Poet's Gold**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Walberg Brown Strings**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **The Magic Key of RCA**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Kidoodlers**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Vincente Gomez**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Everybody's Music**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:Red: **Sunday Drivers**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Three Cheers**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Romance Melodies**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Sunday Vespers**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Supreme Serenaders**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Carol Weymann**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The World is Yours**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **There Was A Woman**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Marion Talley**
			5:30
	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Jean Sablon**
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Radio Newsreel**
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Blue: **The Master Builder**
			6:00
8:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Joe Penner** (Ends June 26)
2:00	4:00	5:00	MBS: **George Jessel** (Ends July 3)
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Camera**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
			6:30
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Canadian Grenadier Band**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **A Tale of Today**
			7:00
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Joan and Kermit**
7:30	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Hobby Lobby**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Passing Parade**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Interesting Neighbors**
			8:00
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **David Broekman**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Spy at Large**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, John Carter, Stroud Twins**
			8:30
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Summer Session**
			9:00
6:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Win Your Lady**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry Go-Round**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
			9:45
7:15	7:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
			10:00
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Grand Central Station**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Norman Cloutier Orch.**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm**
			10:30
		9:30	CBS: **Headlines and Bylines**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Cheerio**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table Discussions**
			11:00
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Dance Orchestra**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Agnew Orchestra**
			11:30
	9:30	10:30	**Dance Music**

Motto of the Day

Sunday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Major Bowes

God helps him who helps Him.

Highlights For Sunday, June 26

AS far as radio is concerned, summer is a-comin' in, and today's the last day of spring, no matter what the calendar says. It will keep you busy most of the late afternoon and early evening listening in and saying goodby until fall to all your old friends. The departures: *Jack Benny* on *NBC-Red* at *7:00, E.D.S.T.; Ozzie Nelson* and *Feg Murray* at *7:30* on *NBC-Blue; Phil Baker, Bottle* and *Beetle* on *CBS* at *7:30; Joe Penner* on *CBS* at *6:00; Tyrone Power* on *NBC-Blue* at *9:00; Walter Winchell* on *NBC-Blue* at *9:30;* and *Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm* on *NBC-Red* at *10:00*. . . . The *Jack Benny* and *Phil Baker* programs are both to be replaced, next Sunday—Phil by *John Nesbitt's* popular *Passing Parade*. . . . *Dave Elman's* mighty entertaining *Hobby Lobby* program is set to take *Jack Benny's* place. . . . And a continued serial will take *Tyrone Power's* place. . . . *Andre Kostelanetz* and *Lily Pons* are departing today too, but from the United States, not from the air. They're sailing for a South American vacation, and by this time they are probably *Mr. and Mrs. Kostelanetz,* at last. . . . At *8:30* tonight, on *CBS,* listen to the first broadcast concert of the season from the Lewisohn Stadium in New York.



Alexander Smallens conducts the first concert at the Lewisohn Stadium, CBS at 8:30.



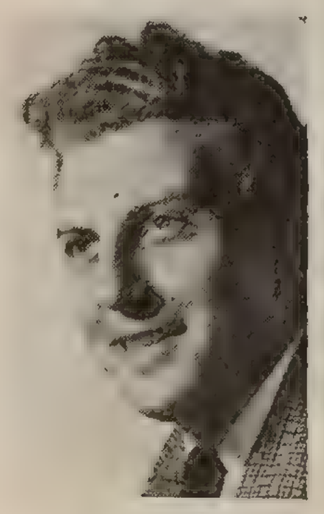
President Roosevelt goes on all three networks today, talking from Gettysburg.

Highlights For Sunday, July 3

THE President of the United States is scheduled to go on the air today, over all the networks, speaking from Gettysburg. The reason: today is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the third and decisive day of the great Battle of Gettysburg, the turning point of the Civil War. . . . A golf tournament comes to your ears today from golf's native land, when *NBC* broadcasts a description of the *Walker Cup* matches from the *St. Andrews* course in Scotland. Today's the first day of the broadcasts—there'll be more tomorrow. Your *Almanac* predicts that you'll hear some things about the *Fourth of July* that you never knew before if you'll tune in *John Nesbitt* on his first *Passing Parade* show, on *CBS,* at *7:30,* sponsored by the *Gulf Gasoline* people. Nesbitt's specialty is odd facts, well told. Also on the program, doing the musical side of it up brown, are singer *Al Garr* and *Oscar Bradley's orchestra,* who were featured on *Phil Baker's* program until last week. . . . Say goodby to *George Jessel* tonight at *6:00* on *Mutual* —he'll be back in September. . . . A new bidder for your attention is *Win Your Lady,* a weekly serial starring *Jim Ameche* and *Betty Lou Gerson,* beginning tonight at *9:00* on *NBC-Blue,* sponsored by Woodbury's.

Highlights For Sunday, July 10

FIRMLY believing that practically everybody wants to listen to descriptions of a golf game—something your *Almanac,* for one, isn't at all convinced of—*CBS* has *Ted Husing* sitting on the sidelines today at the opening of the Professional Golfers' Association tournament. It's being held at Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pennsylvania, and will be on the air from now until July 16, if you're interested. . . . Now for a few pertinent and impertinent facts about *John Nesbitt,* the star of *Passing Parade* on *CBS* at *7:30.* Your *Almanac* mentioned him briefly when his show started last week, but he rates more. He's twenty-seven years old, the son of a former British Intelligence Service agent, and was raised mostly in France—until his father became a Unitarian minister and the family settled in Alameda, California. He has worked in dramatic stock companies, in Shakespearian repertoire, and as a newspaper man. He quit the latter when he had to call up a woman and ask her, "Is it your husband who has just been electrocuted at the power-plant?" It was, but the woman hadn't known about it until Nesbitt called. . . . Birthday greetings today to one of your veteran announcers, *Graham McNamee.*



John Nesbitt stars in another of his Passing Parade programs tonight at 7:30.



Jim Ameche stars tonight in Win Your Lady, NBC-Blue's adventure series at 9:00.

Highlights For Sunday, July 17

FOR some fascinating stories of how women have influenced the lives of great men, tune in *There Was a Woman,* an *NBC-Blue* sustaining program today at *5:00.* Without much ballyhoo or fuss, this well-written and acted series has gone its way until recently it celebrated its fifty-second weekly broadcast. The cast changes every week, so your *Almanac* can't tell you who will be on today's show, but the players are hand-picked from *NBC's* list of capable actors. . . . Speaking of capable actors, the kid brother of the Ameche family answers to that description. A couple of minutes after *Don Ameche* signs off on the *Chase and Sanborn* show tonight, *Jim Ameche* goes on the air in *Win Your Lady, NBC-Blue* at *9:00.* Jim owes his radio success to Don, who put in a long-distance telephone call from Chicago to Kenosha, the Ameche home town, one day in 1933, urging Jim to come up and audition for a juvenile role in a daily serial. Since then, Jim has chased Don right up the ladder of renown, until now his next step will undoubtedly be Hollywood. . . . *CBS* has a good musical show on tonight at *8:00,* presenting *David Broekman*—but it comes up against the stiff competition of *Charlie McCarthy* on *NBC-Red.*

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Malcolm Claire**
			8:15
			NBC-Blue: **William Meeder**
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			9:00
			CBS: **Dear Columbia**
			NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
			NBC-Red: **Women and News**
			9:15
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Frank Luther**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
			9:40
		8:40	NBC: **Press Radio News**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Amanda Snow**
			10:00
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Just Neighbors**
9:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
			10:15
12:00	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
9:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
9:45	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
			12:15
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **The Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Mother-in-Law**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **The Gospel Singer**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **Al Roth Orchestra**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Console Memories**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **U. S. Navy Band**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
			3:00
	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Attorney-at-Law**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Kate Smith**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **WHK Revue**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Rush Hughes**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Columbia Concert Hall**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
			5:15
	5:00	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **March of Games**
		4:30	NBC-Blue: **Singing Lady**
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **New Horizons**
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Press Radio News**
			6:15
		5:15	CBS: **Popeye the Sailor**
			6:30
4:45	5:15	5:30	CBS: **Boake Carter**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Sports Column**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Just Entertainment**
		6:00	NBC-Blue: **Alias Jimmy Valentine**
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Amos and Andy**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra**
			7:30
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
			7:45
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Steinie Bottle Boys**
			8:00
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **You Said It**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **If I Had the Chance**
6:30	8:30	7:00	NBC-Red: **Burns and Allen**
			8:30
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS: **Pick and Pat**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Those We Love**
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Lux Theater** (Ends July 4)
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Now and Then**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Wayne King**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **A Little Night Music**

Motto of the Day

Monday's HIGHLIGHTS

By George Burns

A fool and his money are soon slapped on the back.

Highlights For Monday, June 27

THE networks are scrambling again today, each trying to get the best coverage on the annual Poughkeepsie Regatta, the big boat race meet of the year. The chances are you'll hear a good, workmanlike description of the event no matter what network you tune in on. *CBS*, however, will have *Mr. Husing* doing the describing; and if he's as much of an expert on boat races as he is on horses, you'd better listen to his prediction of the winner. Ted, you remember, was the lad who won $10,000 on *Lawrin*, the horse nobody else could see at all. The Regatta has three races, at *3:45*, *4:45*, and *5:45 P.M.*, *Eastern Summer Time*. . . . The *True or False* program closes its season tonight on the *Mutual* system (*10:00 o'clock*), but it will be back again next week, on *NBC-Blue*. . . . Early-morning listeners are getting to enjoy the *Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne* serial, on *CBS* from *9:30* to *9:45*, sponsored by the *Calox* toothpowder people. *Elspeth Eric*, who has her first radio starring role in the part of Joyce, is a graduate of Wellesley, and before deciding to be an actress was a department store salesgirl, copy writer, model and tutor. Her first big Broadway success was in the part of *Drena* in *"Dead End"*.



Elspeth Eric plays the title role in Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne, over CBS.



Glen Gray starts a season as band-leader and stooge on the Burns and Allen show.

Highlights For Monday, July 4

THE Glorious Fourth—and the networks are doing their best to help you celebrate it, with special broadcasts of all kinds. *CBS*, for instance, is co-operating with the *British Broadcasting Corporation* to present an international good-will program. *BBC* transmits a broadcast from Sulgrave Manor, Northampshire, which was the home of George Washington's family in England before it moved to America. And *CBS* retaliates with a broadcast, to be short-waved to England, from Mt. Vernon in America. *Mutual* has a show in honor of the day scheduled, and so has *NBC*. . . . Even the day's sporting event strikes a patriotic note: it's the *Stars and Stripes Handicap* from the Arlington Park track, in Chicago, with *Clem McCarthy* doing the announcing for *NBC*. . . . Drama lovers have a good reason for feeling sad today, because tonight will be their last chance to hear the *Lux Theater of the Air*, which starts its summer vacation after this broadcast. . . . *Dr. Harry Hagen* starts his new series of *True or False* programs on *NBC-Blue* tonight at *10:00*. . . . And handsome *Glen Gray* and the *Casa Loma* orchestra become the new music-makers on the *Burns and Allen* program, *NBC-Red* at *8:00 o'clock*.

Highlights For Monday, July 11

ALTHOUGH the *Lux Theater* is missing from its usual Monday-night spot this evening, it will be back again in September, with Cecil B. DeMille and the same stellar casts. . . . Meanwhile, you ought to try listening to *Now and Then*, on *NBC-Blue* at *9:00* o'clock, with *Frank Hodak's* orchestra. . . . Birthday greetings are in order for *Harry Von Zell*, of the *Ipana* program, who was born on July 11, 1906, in Indianapolis. . . . Listening to *Just Plain Bill* at *10:30* this morning over *NBC-Red*, you'll enjoy the work of *Elizabeth Day*, who plays *Margaret Burns* in this long-run serial. As a girl she staged plays in her attic, invariably playing the leading lady in them, because after all it was HER attic. She's been in radio for eight years —made her debut in Portland, Oregon in 1930. . . . She likes to travel by air and once intended to learn to fly herself—but a stunting pilot changed her mind. . . . Want to know who plays the other parts in *Just Plain Bill*? . . . *Bill* himself, *Arthur Hughes; Nancy, Ruth Russell; Kerry, James Meighan; David, Clayton Collyer; Mrs. Eeps, Effie Palmer; Elmer Eeps, Joe Latham; Stanley Harper, Eric Dressler*. And the fellow who plays the harmonica and banjo on the program is *Hal Brown*.



Elizabeth Day is Margaret Burns in that perennial serial, Just Plain Bill.



Ace Brigode starts a short season tonight, playing at Kennywood Park: NBC.

Highlights For Monday, July 18

VETERAN bandleader *Ace Brigode* opens tonight at Kennywood Park, in Pittsburgh, and you'll listen to him late at night over *NBC's* network. ... It's happy birthday for *Mrs. Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hilliard* to you, and she'll probably celebrate by putting in a day's hard work on the *Paramount* lot in Hollywood. . . . . On *NBC-Blue* tonight at *8:00*, you might want to listen to *If I Had a Chance*, which has *Cal Tinney* as its master of ceremonies, and concentrates on interviewing celebrities and asking them what they'd like to have been if they'd had the chance. Not a new idea, particularly, but Cal gives a nice informal note to the interviews and everybody on the show has such a good time you can't help having the same. . . . For a peaceful half hour of music, tune in *CBS* at *10:30* for the program called *A Little Night Music*, which is just exactly what the title indicates. You won't get any laughs out of it, but you won't get anything to rasp your nerves, either. . . . *Alias Jimmy Valentine* is back, on *NBC-Blue* tonight and every Monday at *7:00*, but without *Bert Lytell* playing the title role. Seems Mr. Lytell wanted a certain salary, the sponsors didn't want to pay it, and now Mr. Lytell isn't on the air.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00
			NBC-Red: **Malcolm Claire**
			9:00
			CBS: **Music in the Air**
			NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
			9:30
			CBS: **Girl Interne**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Mystery Chef**
			10:00
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Just Neighbors**
9:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
			10:15
12:00	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
9:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
9:45	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman In White**
			11:00
11:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Fed. Women's Clubs**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time For Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Mother-in-Law**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **The Gospel Singer**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Let's Talk It Over**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **U. S. Marine Band**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Music Guild**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of all Churches**
			3:00
	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Attorney-at-Law**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red. **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **U. S. Army Band**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Highways of Health**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Rush Hughes**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **The Four of Us**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Top Hatters**
			5:15
	5:00	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
		4:30	NBC-Blue: **Singing Lady**
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:45
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Press Radio News**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Science in the News**
			6:30
4:45	5:15	5:30	CBS: **Boake Carter**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Johnnie Johnston**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Sports Column**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: **Voice of Nina Dean**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Just Entertainment**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Amos and Andy**
			7:15
7:15	9:15	6:15	CBS: **Hollywood Screenscoops**
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Helen Menken**
			8:00
7:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Edward G. Robinson**
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
			8:30
8:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Al Jolson**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Information Please**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Wayne King**
			9:00
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Al Pearce** (Ends June 28)
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Horace Heidt**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Vox Pop—Parks Johnson**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Benny Goodman**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC Jamboree**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Fibber McGee** (Ends June 28)
			10:00
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Hal Kemp**
			MBS: **True Detective Stories**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Bob Ripley**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Jimmy Fidler**

Motto of the Day

Tuesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Bob Ripley

Tomorrow is another day—maybe it's yours.

Highlights For Tuesday, June 28

TWO Tuesday-night comedy standbys are saying goodby to the airwaves tonight, more's the pity. In the order of their disappearance, they are *Al Pearce and his gang,* on *CBS* at *9:00,* and *Fibber McGee* on *NBC-Red* at *9:30.* The *Pearce* program won't be replaced, but Al and his gang—*Tizzy Lish, Arlene Harris, Elmer Blurt,* and the rest—will pop up this fall for a new sponsor. As for *Fibber,* he'll spend thirteen weeks with *Molly* in Southern California, trying to bring *Molly's* health back. Next week his time will be filled by the debut of a brand new program, probably a once-a-week script serial. . . . Take a look at the picture of *Franc Hale,* at the right, and then see if you can still hiss the villainess of *John's Other Wife,* on *NBC-Red* at *10:15* this morning. Franc plays *Annette Rogers,* and it's your *Almanac's* opinion that she's too good-looking to be a villainess. . . . *NBC-Blue* has a new five-times-a-week dramatic sketch at *10:00* in the morning now, called *Just Neighbors.* Listen in and you may find another favorite to tune in every morning. . . . And don't forget *Helen Menken* in the absorbing *Second Husband* serial, on *CBS* tonight at *7:30,* sponsored by Bayer Aspirin. It's expected to stay all summer.



Franc Hale is the villainess, Annette Rogers, in John's Other Wife, NBC-Red.



Clifton Fadiman asks hard-to-answer questions on tonight's Information, Please!

Highlights For Tuesday, July 5

AT *8:30* tonight you can listen to one of the most entertaining shows *NBC* ever dreamed up. It's called *Information Please,* it isn't sponsored, and it's on the *Blue* network. Your *Almanac* recommends it without any reservations at all, and hopes it stays on the air all summer. . . . Instead of experts asking the people in the audience tough questions, *Information Please* has ordinary people trying to stump the experts—and doing very well at it, too. Every program has a group of three or four very well educated people on the platform—editors, professors, and the like—and they try to give the right answers to questions which are submitted beforehand by you and me. The real fun of the program, though, is in the remarks the victims make, because while they may not know the answers, they usually know how to wise-crack. The master of ceremonies is *Clifton Fadiman,* book-reviewer and editor, who seems to be perfectly at home in front of a microphone. Listen in, and then try sending in a few questions yourself. You'll get two dollars for each question used on the show, and five dollars for every one the smart guys can't answer. . . . And don't forget the evening debut of the new Johnson Wax show, *NBC-Red* at *9:30.*

Highlights For Tuesday, July 12

WATCHING all these radio programs getting set for their summer vacations makes your *Almanac* itch to get away on its own. Tonight there are two more—*Edward G. Robinson's Big Town* on *CBS* at *8:00;* and *Al Jolson & Co.* on the same network at *8:30.* Both of them promise faithfully to be back when the hot weather is over—in fact, contracts are already signed, sealed and delivered. . . . *Ted Husing* is on the air this afternoon to tell you how the *Professional Golfers' Association* meet is progressing in Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pennsylvania. . . . With *Vic and Sade* on two networks—*NBC-Blue* at *11:15 A.M.* and *CBS* at *1:15,* both times *E.D.S.T.*—it will be entirely your own fault if you don't hear this daily serial which in its homely humor is such a relief from the melodramatics of many others—your *Almanac* won't mention names. . . . *Art Van Harvey,* who has been playing Vic ever since 1932, is always flattered whenever one of his friends slips and calls him Vic instead of Art. He never sees the script for Vic and Sade until a few minutes before he goes on the air—an arrangement that he likes because it doesn't allow him to go stale with too many rehearsals.



Art Van Harvey plays Victor Gook in the Vic and Sade sketches, on two networks now.



Misty in the popular Don Winslow of the Navy serial is portrayed by Ruth Barth.

Highlights For Tuesday, July 19

THE kids, and quite a few of the grown-ups too, are listening at *5:15* this afternoon to *Don Winslow of the Navy,* the rousing adventure serial on *NBC-Blue.* Maybe they ought to know something about a few of the characters. Hero *Don Winslow* is played by *Bob Guilbert,* who is pretty much a Horatio Alger hero himself. He entered Cornell College with total assets of $5.00, and earned his way through school by waiting on table, painting houses and signs, building furniture, and winning a few scholarships. After college he went on working at a lot of different jobs, until he came to Chicago in 1934 and started his radio career. . . . *Lenore Kingston,* who plays *Mercedes Colby,* is a graduate of Hollywood radio, brought to Chicago especially for this role. . . . *Ruth Barth,* who plays *Misty,* entered radio through the typewriting route. Five years ago she got a job as secretary in a Kansas City station. Pretty soon she was given orders to write a home economics broadcast; and soon after that she was called on to step up to the mike and broadcast what she'd written. Home economics gradually gave way to dramatics, and after two years of Kansas City she left for Chicago and the big time.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00
			NBC-Red: **Malcolm Claire**
			8:15
			NBC-Blue: **William Meeder**
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			9:00
			NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
			NBC-Red: **Women and News**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Amanda Snow**
			10:00
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Just Neighbors**
9:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
			10:15
12:00	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
9:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
9:45	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Hello Peggy**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
			12:15
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Mother-in-Law**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **The Gospel Singer**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Let's Talk it Over**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:20	1:30	CBS: **Mellow Moments**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
			3:00
	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Attorney-at-Law**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **At the Music Counter**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Nat'l P. T. A. Congress**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Rush Hughes**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Keyboard Concerts**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Top Hatters**
			5:15
	5:00	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **March of Games**
		4:30	NBC-Blue: **Singing Lady**
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:45
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Press Radio News**
			6:15
		5:15	CBS: **Popeye the Sailor**
			6:30
4:45	5:15	5:30	CBS: **Boake Carter**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Sports Column**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: **Nola Day**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Just Entertainment**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Amos and Andy**
			7:15
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Living History**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Ruth Bryan Owen**
			8:00
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Cavalcade of America**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Roy Shield Revue**
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **One Man's Family**
			8:30
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Ben Bernie**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Harriet Parsons** (Ends June 29)
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Tommy Dorsey**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **It May Have Happened**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Town Hall Tonight**
			9:30
	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Word Game**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Boston Pop Concert**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Kay Kyser's College**
			10:30
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Edgar A. Guest**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC Minstrel Show**

Motto of the Day

Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Ben Bernie

Family ties should be cherished—not worn around the neck.

Highlights For Wednesday, June 29

AFTER tonight you can picture *Fred Allen* taking it very, very easy up in a quiet Maine farmhouse—and don't think you can go and call on him, either, even if you know the name of the town that's near the farmhouse. This is Fred's last broadcast until fall, and when it's over he doesn't even want to be reminded that there's such a thing as radio. . . . The reason you probably couldn't drop in to see him is that everybody around the town where he spends his summers conspires to keep him from being bothered. Before they'll point out his house they make you wait until they've asked Fred if he wants to see you. . . . This afternoon, *NBC* broadcasts the annual *Massachusetts Handicap* race from Suffolk Downs, Boston, when the long-awaited meeting between *Seabiscuit* and *War Admiral* should finally take place. . . . And tonight the same network has a special dramatization of the story of the *Battle of Gettysburg,* between *9:00* and *9:30*—because it was seventy-five years ago that the Gettysburg Battle took place. . . . *CBS* has some history too, in its *Living History* program from *7:30* to *7:45,* when in regular *March of Time* manner the story of Shay's Rebellion in Massachusetts is to be told.



Harriet Parsons has her last batch of Hollywood gossip tonight at 8:30, NBC-Blue.



Hal Kemp brings his band to the Astor Hotel Roof, and you can listen on CBS.

Highlights For Wednesday, July 6

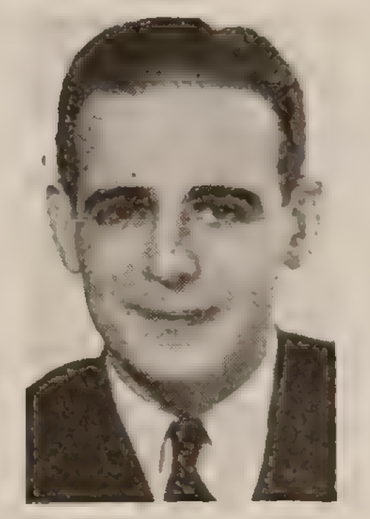
THERE'S no sense in trying to get away from baseball if you listen to the radio this afternoon, which is a pretty silly situation for the networks to get themselves into. People who don't like baseball—and your *Almanac* hears there are a few—have to shut their sets off, and a silent receiving set doesn't do any broadcaster any good. But there it is. All three networks are scheduled to broadcast a description of the All-Star game from the home park of the Cincinnati Reds, barring rain, of course, in which case there won't be *any* baseball at all. . . . *Town Hall's Big Game Hunt,* which is the title of the program which replaces *Fred Allen* tonight at *9:00* on *NBC-Red,* is really two shows in one. The first half-hour is a game program to end all game programs, with *Norman Frescott* and *Jane Martin* as master and mistress of the revels. The second half hour consists of the show inaccurately called *For Men Only,* which was tried out on a small Eastern network, made a hit, and now goes coast to coast. . . . *CBS* has a new program starting at *9:00,* too—or rather an old friend returning. It's *Mark Warnow's Blue Velvet* musical half-hour, which has set more musical styles than any other show on the air.

Highlights For Wednesday, July 13

PEG LA CENTRA, the vocalist on tonight's *For Men Only* program, *NBC-Red* at *9:30,* is tiny and blonde, and although she made her reputation—and it's a good one, too—as a singer, there's nothing she wants so much as to be an actress. In fact, you do hear her on dramatic programs every now and then; and she's pointing all her energies and ambitions toward a role in a stage play. She doesn't like bridge or night clubs—prefers riding up and down Fifth Avenue on a bus or going to Coney Island on a summer night. But she isn't perfect—she also loves jewelry, the expensive kind, and lots of it. . . . *Ted Husing* is still talking, on the afternoon *CBS* air, about the Professional Golfers' Association meet. . . . *CBS' Living History* dramatization for the day—at *7:30* tonight—concerns itself with *Aaron Burr's* trial for treason, and it ought to be interesting. . . . If you like unsolved mysteries, a good program is *NBC-Blue's It May Have Happened,* on the air tonight at *9:00.* It's a dramatization of something that could have happened, and maybe did—but nobody knows for sure. . . . And music lovers must not forget the *Boston Pop Symphony* concert, tonight and every *Wednesday* at *9:30* on *NBC-Blue.*



Peg La Centra sings on tonight's For Men Only, NBC-Red variety program at 9:30.



Paul Stewart probably is in tonight's Easy Aces sketch, playing the part of Johnny.

Highlights For Wednesday, July 20

YOUR *Almanac's* recommendations for the day if you just want to listen while you work: *The Farm and Home Hour, NBC-Blue* at *12:30. . . . Mellow Moments, CBS* at *2:30. . . . Continental Varieties, NBC-Blue* at *3:00. . . . At the Music Counter, CBS* at *4:00. . . . The Singing Lady, NBC-Blue* at *5:30. . . . Just Entertainment, CBS* at *7:00. . . . Roy Shield Revue, NBC-Blue* at *8:00. . . . Kay Kyser's College, NBC-Red* at *10:00. . . .* If you want to listen carefully, a good fifteen-minute spot is on *NBC-Red* at *7:30,* when *Ruth Bryan Owen* talks about current events. . . . *The CBS Living History* program tonight at *7:30* is about Washington Irving and his Knickerbocker History of New York. But old Father Knickerbocker wouldn't know the place now! . . . When your *Almanac* went to press the *Easy Aces* hadn't said anything about leaving the air for the summer, and here's hoping they won't, because every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night at *7:00,* as long as they're on the air, you can be sure of some amusing nonsense. . . . *Paul Stewart,* who plays the part of *Jane's* brother *Johnny,* is one of the better radio actors—acting has been his job nearly all his life, and he knows it well.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00
			NBC-Red: **Malcom Claire**
			8:15
			NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert**
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			9:00
			CBS: **As You Like It**
			NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
			NBC-Red: **Ward and Muzzy**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Landt Trio**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Mystery Chef**
			10:00
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Just Neighbors**
9:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
			10:15
12:00	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
9:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
9:45	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
11:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
			12:15
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Three Romeos**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Escorts and Betty**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Mother-in-Law**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **The Gospel Singer**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **Fran Allison**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Let's Talk it Over**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Columbia Salon Orchestra**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
			3:00
	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Ray Block's Varieties**
	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Attorney-at-Law**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **U. S. Army Band**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Of Men and Books**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Rush Hughes**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Rubbertown Revue**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **The Four of Us**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Top Hatters**
			5:15
	5:00	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
			5:30
	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
		4:30	NBC-Blue: **Singing Lady**
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:45
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Press Radio News**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **George R. Holmes**
			6:30
4:45	5:15	5:30	CBS: **Boake Carter**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Sports Column**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Just Entertainment**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Amos and Andy**
			7:15
7:15	9:15	6:15	CBS: **Hollywood Screenscoops**
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **St. Louis Blues**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Elvira Rios**
4:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Mario Cozzi**
			8:00
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue **March of Time**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Rudy Vallee**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Major Bowes**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Pulitzer Prize Plays**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Toronto Prom Concert**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Essays in Music**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Pulitzer Prize Plays**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Kraft Music Hall**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Americans at Work**
			11:15
7:15	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Elza Schallert**

Motto of the Day

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Bing Crosby

Taking offense is the worst form of defense.

Highlights For Thursday, June 30

BABY SNOOKS' father begins his vacation after tonight, and he must be glad, because if anybody was ever perpetually on the verge of a nervous breakdown, it's the father of radio's most obnoxious and obstreperous infant. In other words, *Good News of 1938* goes off the air for the next eight weeks after tonight's show—*NBC-Red* at *9:00*—and when it comes back it will probably be called *Good News of 1939*. Incidentally, in spite of all rumors, it is definitely returning—contracts say so. Thursday-night listeners are enjoying the best American plays ever written, presented this evening at *10:00* o'clock on *NBC-Blue*. All these Thursday-evening dramas are radio adaptations of plays which have won the *Pulitzer Prize* for the year in which they were first mentioned, and tonight's play is the first prize-winner of all, *Why Marry?* a comedy by *Jesse Lynch Williams*. . . . *CBS' Americans at Work* series investigates the problems of an aviator tonight at *10:30* by bringing a live specimen of the profession to the mike and interviewing him. . . . If you like the exotic kind of music, listen to *Elvira Rios* on *NBC-Blue* tonight at *7:30*. She sings Mexican and Spanish songs, and doesn't speak any English.



Brunette, Latin-American Elvira Rios sings tonight over NBC-Blue at 7:30.



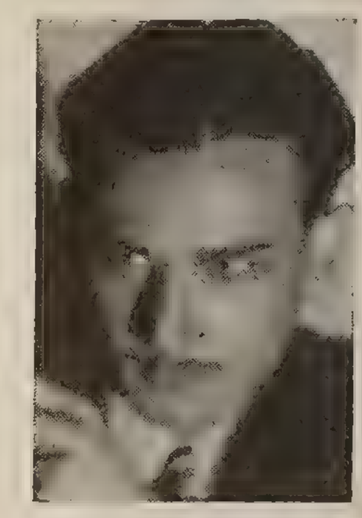
Joan Tompkins gets her first big radio job as Judy in Your Family and Mine.

Highlights For Thursday, July 7

CBS, tennis-minded as always, has a summary for you this afternoon of the matches being played at Wimbledon, England. . . . *Arlene Harris*, of the *Pearce* gang, and *David Ross*, of *Poet's Gold*, are both being wished "Happy Birthday" by their friends today. . . . The *Pulitzer Prize* play on *NBC-Blue* tonight between *9:00* and *10:00* is scheduled to be *"Both Your Houses,"* by *Maxwell Anderson*, who's been doing a good deal of original writing for the radio lately. *"Both Your Houses"* was produced several years ago in New York, however, and was an immediate hit. It's about Washington, and the two houses of the title are the House of Representatives and the Senate. In spite of—or maybe because of—its political subject-matter, it's a very, very funny play. The time on the *Pulitzer Prize* plays from now on is *9:00*. . . . At *10:30* you may want to tune in *Americans at Work* on *CBS*, which this week has a rancher to tell you about his job. . . . A serial program which is gaining popularity is *Your Family and Mine*, on *NBC-Red* at *5:30*. *Joan Tompkins*, who plays the part of *Judy Wilbur* in this show, isn't much older in real life than her air self.

Highlights For Thursday, July 14

WE had our Fourth of July over here on this side of the Atlantic ten days ago, but today the people of France are declaring a holiday, because it's their *Quatorze Juillet*—the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille, when France started on the road toward becoming a democracy. It's still a democracy, in spite of the European fashion for dictators—or anyway, it was when your *Almanac* went to press, and the networks were planning a transatlantic broadcast to celebrate the day. . . . Tonight's your last chance to listen to *Bing Crosby* before he takes an eight-week vacation. Eight weeks seems to be almost the fashionable time-limit for vacations this year—but only in radio. As usual when Bing is off having a good time, his good friend, bazooka-torturer *Bob Burns* will boss the old *Kraft Music Hall* activities. . . . One of the busier radio actors, whose name seldom gets into the papers, is *Malcolm Meacham*. You'll probably hear him today as *Paul Henderson* in *Ma Perkins* and as *Michael Merska* in *Betty and Bob;* and he was *Anthony Link* in *Margot of Castlewood* when that show was on the air. . . .Tonight's *Pulitzer Prize* play on *NBC-Blue* at *9:00* is *Sidney Kingsley's "Men in White."*



Malcolm Meacham divides his time between various network serial shows.



Bob Burns is the undisputed boss for a while in the Kraft Music Hall at 10:00.

Highlights For Thursday, July 21

BOB BURNS, having quietly enjoyed his vacation last month, ought to be in fine fettle to take over his duties as master of ceremonies on the *Kraft Music Hall* tonight at *10:00*. . . . Bob spent his rest-period in New York, sneaking into town so quietly—he must have left the bazooka at home—that almost nobody knew he was there. . . . At nine o'clock tonight, on *NBC-Blue*, is the radio-ization of *Susan Glaspell's* Pulitzer Prize play, *"Alison's House."* Torn between this, the *Toronto Prom Concert* on *NBC-Red*, and *Major Bowes* on *CBS*, all at the same time your *Almanac* admits that it's tempted to shut the radio off entirely and just forget the whole thing. Even in summer, Thursday is such a good listening night that you are bound to miss something, no matter how hard you try to hear it all. . . . *Little Orphan Annie*, on *NBC-Red* at *5:45*, is being heard on only a few stations during the summer months, but it will be back on the full network in the fall. Usually it goes off the air entirely for the hot weather. . . . Did you know that *Girl Alone* is on *NBC-Red* at *4:45* in the afternoon now, after a short period of being off the air? *NBC* decided it was just too good a show to neglect. . . . *Time for Thought* is being heard at *12:30* on *NBC-Red* now.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00
			NBC-Red: **Malcolm Claire**
			8:15
			NBC-Blue: **William Meeder**
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			9:00
			NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
			NBC-Red: **Women and News**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Amanda Snow**
			10:00
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Just Neighbors**
9:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
			10:15
12:00	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
9:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
9:45	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Hello Peggy**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
			12:15
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Escorts and Betty**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Mother-in-Law**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **The Gospel Singer**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **U. S. Marine Band**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Buffalo Theater**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
			3:00
	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Attorney-at-Law**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Chicago Varieties**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Rush Hughes**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Crossroads Hall**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Top Hatters**
			5:15
	5:00	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Music for Fun**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Little Variety Show**
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:45
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:15
		5:15	CBS: **Popeye the Sailor**
			6:30
4:45	5:15	5:30	CBS: **Boake Carter**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Sports Column**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Just Entertainment**
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
			7:15
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Music Is My Hobby**
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Adventures in Science**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Nola Day**
			7:45
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Hollace Shaw**
			8:00
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Ghost of Benjamin Sweet**
	6:00	7:00	MBS: **What's My Name**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Maurice Spitalny Orch.**
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
			8:30
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Paul Whiteman's Orch.**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Four Corners Theater**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Royal Crown Revue**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC Spelling Bee**
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Columbia Square**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **First Nighter**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Jimmie Fidler**
			10:45
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **American Viewpoint**

Motto of the Day

Friday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Joan Edwards

Overlook the faults of others—but look over your own.

Highlights For Friday, June 24

BESIDES its regular Friday attractions, radio offers a collection of danceband debuts and a dash of sports today. . . . First, the sporting event: it's the annual Yale-Harvard Crew race, an intercollegiate classic, held this afternoon on the Thames River near New London, Connecticut. It looks very much as if both *NBC* and *CBS* will have microphones present to report the proceedings. . . . Four dancebands are opening tonight—*Gray Gordon* at the *New Penn Club* in Pittsburgh, broadcasting over *NBC; Shep Fields* at the *Aragon Ballroom* in Chicago, broadcasting over *Mutual; Pancho* at the *Palmer House*, Chicago, *CBS;* and *Dick Barrie* at *Jenkinson's Pavilion*, Point Pleasant, N. J., *NBC*. . . . *Dick Barrie's* featured soloist is *Anita Boyer*, and if her voice is as pretty as her face, you'd better tune in. She started her singing career with *Frankie Masters*, left to become a radio actress in the *NBC Jamboree, Broadway Cinderella*, and *Backstage Wife*, and then returned to singing. . . . At *9:00* you'll listen to *Hollywood Hotel* for the last time until September 2, according to the plans when your *Almanac* went to press. . . . At *7:30* tonight, *CBS* tells you about the mechanical men that help farmers.



Anita Boyer is the soloist with Dick Barrie, opening tonight in New Jersey.



Johnny Hamp and his orchestra open tonight in Atlantic City—listen on NBC.

Highlights For Friday, July 1

THE programs are still dropping by the wayside, promising to return when it isn't so hot. Today's departures are *Lum and Abner*, to be heard for the last time on *CBS* at *6:45*, and *Mary Margaret McBride*, doing her final stint on the same network at noon, both times *Eastern Daylight Saving*. Lum and Abner will be back early in September, it's said; and *Mary Margaret* is returning even sooner, on August 1. . . . *CBS' Adventure in Science* tonight deals with *Sleep*, which is something everybody ought to know more about. You certainly couldn't pick a more universal subject, anyhow. . . . Opening tonight at the President Hotel in Atlantic City, Johnny Hamp's orchestra will have a late-at-night *NBC* wire from there for your loudspeaker. . . . Johnny is one of Hollywood's favorite dance maestros, and for a good reason. When he plays out there he makes a point of discovering the name of every star's favorite piece. Then when *Barbara Stanwyck* or *Merle Oberon* walks in, he plays that particular piece for her. Stars like this sort of thing, as who doesn't?. . . . Starting tonight at *9:00 CBS* begins a series of favorite old American rural plays. The opener is one called *"Aaron Slick From Punkin Crick"*.

Highlights For Friday, July 8

AT *8:30* tonight, on *CBS*, you'll be listening to *Paul Whiteman* and his gang of music-makers, with *Joan Edwards* doing the vocal solos . . . and it's time you were learning some more about *Miss Edwards*. She's the niece of famous *Gus Edwards*, composer of "School Days" and discoverer of many stars. . . . But she didn't start out to be a popular singer. Instead, she studied piano under the late *George Gershwin's* teacher and spent a summer at the Juilliard School of Music. . . . But a recital at Carnegie Hall seemed a long way in the future, and she took a job with her uncle's "School Days" troupe, touring with it for a while. She began radio work while she was still in college, auditioning at a local New York station and promptly getting a contract for a commercial series. She appeared on *Fred Allen's* program twice—first as an amateur and then, two years later, as a guest artist. . . . A year ago she sang with *Rudy Vallee* at the Macfadden-Deauville Hotel in Miami. . . . Joan has only one hobby—writing songs. . . . The subject for tonight's *Adventure in Science* on *CBS* at *7:30* is "Science Surprise" which is as much of a mystery to your *Almanac* as it probably is to you listeners.



Joan Edwards is the pert songstress on Paul Whiteman's program tonight at 8:30.



David Gothard plays Philip King in The Romance of Helen Trent, CBS at 12:30.

Highlights For Friday, July 15

DAVID GOTHARD'S fans have been writing in asking your *Almanac* to publish a picture of him—and your *Almanac* has no objection because it thinks he does a good job of acting too. . . . He's the leading man, *Philip King*, in the *CBS* serial, *The Romance of Helen Trent*, heard today and every day except Saturday and Sunday at *12:30 P.M.* . . . David was born in Beardstown, Illinois, January 14, 1911. He wanted to be a writer—his parents advised medicine—so he is an actor. He was educated in California, but when he was twenty he left and hitch-hiked to Chicago and made his air debut on his twenty-first birthday, as an announcer on *WIBO*, Chicago. . . . You've also heard him in *Mary Marlin* and *Myrt and Marge*. . . . He's partial to steak and mushrooms, light symphonic music, airplanes and the "intelligent and completely feminine type of woman," and says he's never had enough of mountains, money, sports clothes, or travel. *Larry Clinton's* orchestra comes back into the Glen Island Casino tonight, and will have the distinction of being heard over two networks—*NBC* and *MBS*. . . . And Harry Owens brings his orchestra into the Biltmore Hotel in New York, with a *CBS* wire.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00
			NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
			NBC-Red: **Malcolm Claire**
			8:15
			NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert**
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			9:00
			CBS: **Eton Boys**
			NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
			NBC-Red: **The Wise Man**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Sunshine Express**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Fiddler's Fancy**
			9:45
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Landt Trio**
			10:00
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Lew White**
		9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breen and De Rose**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Amanda Snow**
			10:15
		9:15	NBC-Blue: **Viennese Ensemble**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Charioteers**
			10:30
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Jewel Cowboys**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Music Internationale**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Vaughn de Leath**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Florence Hale Forum**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Minute Men**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Ford Rush, Silent Slim**
			11:30
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **String Ensemble**
			11:45
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Serving the Consumer**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **NBC Music Guild**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Orchestra**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Music Styled for You**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Buffalo Presents**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Kinney Orch.**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Your Host Is Buffalo**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Madison Ensemble**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **Jean Ellington**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Music for Everyone**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Motor City Melodies**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Krenz Orch.**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Campus Capers**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Ricardo Orch.**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Swingology**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **The Dancepators**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Stamp Collectors**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS: **Four Clubmen**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Concert Orchestra**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Trio Time**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Top Hatters**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Press Radio News**
			6:05
2:05	4:05	5:05	CBS: **The Symphonettes**
			6:30
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Sports Column**
			6:45
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: **Religion in the News**
			7:00
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Columbia Workshop**
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Angler-Hunter**
			7:45
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Barry McKinley**
			8:00
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Saturday Swing Session**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Serenade**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Richard Himber**
			8:30
7:30	8:30	7:30	CBS: **Johnny Presents**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Original Plays**
8:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Dale Carnegie**
			9:00
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Professor Quiz**
7:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Al Roth Orch.**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade** (Ends June 25)
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Your Hit Parade**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Concert in Rhythm**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **The Family Party**
			10:45
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Capitol Opinion**

Motto of the Day

Saturday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Pat Barnes

He is indeed poor who thinks only of riches.

Highlights For Saturday, June 25

IF one of the *Ranch Boys'* horses hasn't decided not to go any farther, you'll hear the *Ranch Boys* do their part of the *National Barn Dance* program tonight from North Platte, Nebraska. The boys are riding horseback from Los Angeles to Chicago, the *Barn Dance's* home town, and expected to be in North Platte by tonight. Listen in to *NBC-Blue* at *9:00* and see if they made it. . . . Opening tonight at the Surf Beach Club at Virginia Beach, *Jimmy Joy's* music will come to you over your handiest *CBS* station. Jimmy, who is a stellar clarinet player in his own right, was christened *James Monte Maloney* when he was born in Mount Vernon, Texas. His first professional job was when he was twelve years old. . . . Your regular Saturday baseball schedule of games which you can listen to on the air, provided there isn't any rain: Philadelphia at Chicago: *WBBM, WIND, WJJD.* Washington at St. Louis: *KMOX, KWK, KFRU, KWOS.* New York at Detroit: *WWJ* and the Michigan network. Boston at Cleveland: *WCLE.* Pittsburgh at Boston: *KDKA* and the Colonial network. Cincinnati at Philadephia: *WSAI, WCPO, WHIO, WCAU.* . . . . The *CBS Saturday Serenade,* at *9:30,* goes off the air after tonight.



You'll hear Jimmy Joy on CBS when he opens tonight at the Surf Beach Club.



Tom Manning is the NBC announcer who describes today's Mid-Continent Regatta.

Highlights For Saturday, July 2

SPORTS all over the kilocycles today. On *CBS*—the Fleetwing Handicap from the Empire City track in New York, with *Bryan Field* announcing. On *NBC*—the Kent Handicap from Delaware Park, with *Clem McCarthy* announcing. Also on *NBC*—the Mid-Continent Regatta—a boat race, this time—from Marietta, Ohio, with *Tom Manning* telling you all about it. Still on *NBC*—the annual National Amateur Athletic Union track meet in New York. This is the opening day, and the meet will continue tomorrow and the Fourth. And on *NBC* again—the tennis matches from Wimbledon, England. . . . *Reggie Childs' orchestra* opens tonight at the Ocean Club, Virginia Beach, with an *NBC* wire. . . . The *NBC* Symphony is off the air now until fall, but Saturday-night symphony lovers can listen to the *Robin Hood Dell* concerts on *MBS,* about *8:15.* . . . The day's baseball broadcasts: Cleveland at Chicago: *WBBM, WIND, WCLE, WJJD.* Detroit at St. Louis: *KMOX, WWJ, KWK, KFRU, KWOS* and the Michigan network. Boston at Philadelphia: *WFIL.* Philadelphia (National) at Boston: the Colonial network. Chicago at Cincinnati: *WSAI, WCPO, WHIO, WHO.*

Highlights For Saturday, July 9

ANOTHER Saturday batch of sports. Horse-racing: the Sussex Handicap from Delaware Park, over *NBC* with *Clem McCarthy;* and the Butler Handicap from the Empire City track, over *CBS* with *Bryan Field.* The Butler Handicap is at *4:00* in the afternoon, Eastern Summer Time. Track and Field events: the World Labor Track Meet from Randall's Island Stadium in New York, over *NBC.* Baseball: Chicago at Detroit: *WWJ* and the Michigan network. St. Louis at Cleveland: *WCLE.* New York at Boston: the Colonial network. Brooklyn at Philadelphia, WCAU. Cincinnati at Chicago: *WBBM, WIND, WSAI, WCPO, WHIO, WHO, WJJD.* Pittsburgh at St. Louis: *KDKA, KMOX, KWK, KFRU, KWOS.* . . . Your *Almanac* hopes that *Barry McKinley* is still on *NBC-Red* at *7:45,* but his isn't a commercial program and may be switched at a minute's notice. You're bound to hear him somewhere along the time-schedule, though. Born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, twenty-five years ago, Barry ran away from home when he was twelve to take a crack at tap-dancing on the stage. Until two years ago, he traveled all over the country as a hoofer in vaudeville. He broke into radio via *WLW,* Cincinnati.



Barry McKinley is one of NBC's most dependable drawers of listener interest.

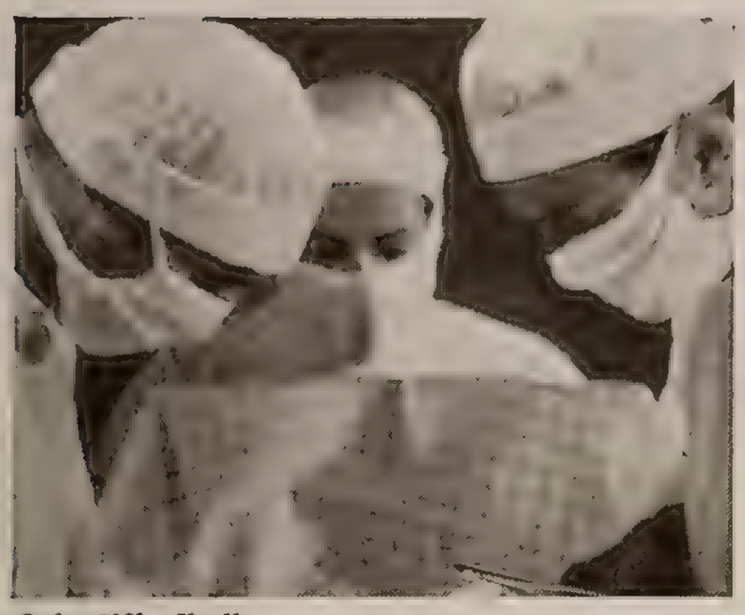


Tall, dignified and scholarly, Uncle Jim McWilliams stars on the NBC Question Bee.

Highlights For Saturday, July 16

IF all goes well, those *Ranch* boys ought to be back in Chicago tonight, their long horseback ride at an end, and ready to make an appearance in person on the *National Barn Dance.* But if anything happened to delay them, they'll be on the show next week sure. . . . More sports for your listening: The Hollywood Gold Cup horse race from Hollywood Park, with both *CBS* and *NBC* broadcasting the proceedings. Exclusive with *CBS* is *Bryan Field's* description of the Eastview stakes at the Empire City track. Also on *CBS* is *Ted Husing* telling about the last day of the Professional Golfers' Association tournament. . . . And as to baseball, barring rain, you'll hear these games if you are near the right stations: Cleveland at Philadelphia, *WCLE* and *WFIL.* St. Louis at Boston, the Colonial network. Brooklyn at Cincinnati, *WSAI, WCPO, WHIO.* Boston at Chicago, *WBBM, WIND, WJJD.* Philadelphia at St. Louis, *KBTM KMOX, KWK, KFRU, KWOS.* . . . Saturday night is, of course, the listening night of the week for the quiz addicts—they have *Uncle Jim's Question Bee* on *NBC-Blue* at *7:30* and *Professor Quiz* on *CBS* at *9:00*—but *Professor Quiz* is the only one that reaches western listeners.

"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN



Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, *when applied direct to the skin!*



New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.



Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).



A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., writes: "I have never used anything *like* this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety and smooth."



Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin" — (*reading down*) FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; WENDY MORGAN, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT—"Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."



Druggists — answering increasing requests from women for Pond's Cold Cream with the "skin-vitamin" in it—explain to them that it comes in the very same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Tune in on "Those We Love," Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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SYPHILIS
Can be Stamped Out!



Because it is forthright and honest, because it strikes a new and courageous note of hope in dealing with a horrible plague, RADIO MIRROR *is proud to publish this talk broadcast by General Pershing, over the Columbia Broadcasting System, under the auspices of the American Social Hygiene Association.*

By JOHN J. PERSHING

I AM glad to take part in this nation-wide discussion because I regard syphilis as the most terrible scourge that afflicts mankind. It is causing more misery of mind and body than any other preventable disease. As Dr. Thomas Parran has said, "It must be the next great plague to go." The American Social Hygiene Association in support of the Health Authorities has courageously assumed the leadership in this tremendous task. But to succeed we must have the sustained cooperation of all our people.

The ravages of syphilis in this country are so alarming that we can no longer shy at it but must speak plainly and bring the fight into the open so that all may understand, if we expect ever to stamp it out. It is appalling to think that nearly seven million of our people have syphilis—many of them innocent victims. Over five hundred thousand new cases come under treatment by physicians each year, besides the hundreds of thousands that never receive medical care. If the entire population of the city of New York had this disease, the whole country would rise up as one man and demand that something be done about it. Why not rise up as one man and demand treatment for that number scattered throughout the country?

The inroads of venereal disease on the health of the nation are far reaching. A large percentage of blindness is caused by syphilis. Paresis, or softening of the brain, and locomotor ataxia are caused by syphilis. Gonorrhea causes sterility in both men and women. Many cases of apoplexy and paralysis as well as many diseases of the heart and blood vessels have their origin in syphilis. This insidious disease causes or hastens the death of 100,000 victims annually. In this war on syphilis all must work intelligently according to their opportunity and their ability to take part, and they must do so with the old war-time spirit that defeated the enemy in 1918.

My army experience has proved to me that the job can be done. Our military program for educating the men, protecting them from exposure, isolating infected centers, providing prophylaxis, affording diagnosis and treatment, and holding officers responsible for carrying out this program resulted during the World War in one of the most (*Continued on page* 53)

VITALLY IMPORTANT IS THIS PRACTICAL PROGRAM, FIRST BROADCAST BY RADIO, TO DEFEAT OUR WORST SCOURGE



"I'd get snapshots of every boy I really liked"—

says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage





"I CAN'T see why girls don't use more system in their search for the one-and-only man. Every big business uses system, and love-and-marriage is the biggest, most important of all . . .

"When you meet a boy you like, get some snapshots of him. Keep these. Save the snapshots of all the boys you like. Then, when a newcomer appears and tries to rush you off your feet, look at the snapshots of the others . . .

"Nothing awakens memories like a snapshot. As you see the faces of good old Tom, good old Dick and good old Harry, you may find that one of them really means more to you than your new friend. If so—you're saved from making the wrong choice in the most important decision of your life!"

* * *

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



Dixie seems pleased but Bing looks a bit suspicious as they glance through RADIO MIRROR which featured the Crosby family on the cover.

What's New From Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page* 7)

Goodman's musical cousin, at least. Besides appearing on occasional network shows, Art is heard practically every day locally, on KYW.

Art was born and raised in Philadelphia, and began his career in the days of the silent pictures. His father was a motion picture operator, and while he flashed the dramas on the screen Art pounded out accompaniments on a rickety piano or a screechy organ.

One of Art's specialties is introducing new numbers by playing them on the air, and in fifteen years of performing, not one song he has introduced has failed to become a hit. Besides his radio work, he conducts an orchestra which plays nightly in a Philadelphia cafe.

* * *

MINNEAPOLIS—Minnesotans love their politics, and Val Bjornson, KSTP's commentator, gives them what they want. He's the only political analyst on the air in his territory, and his impartial, shrewd diagnoses of what's going on have made him as popular a radio star as any crooner or comedian.

Known to listeners as "Mr. Editor," Val was born Kristjan Vladimar Bjornson, in a family of politicians and newspaper men. He himself started his journalistic career when he was twelve years old, setting type on his father's paper. At the University of Minnesota, he made Phi Beta Kappa, and was managing editor of the Minnesota *Daily*, the collegiate newspaper, besides taking only three years to complete his four-year course in political science.

Right now, with the political pot beginning to simmer, Val is busy getting the opinions of all the country editors in Minnesota and putting them on the air every Friday evening.

* * *

When Beatrice Fairfax appeared on the Vallee program a few weeks ago there was one line of her interview that disappeared between rehearsal-time and broadcast-time. After Rudy had talked to her for a while about her specialty, advice to the lovelorn, she was supposed to turn to him and say, "And now what about your love-life, Rudy?" Rudy can stand a certain amount of kidding, but that was going too far. The line went out.

* * *

Incidentally, Vallee is broadcasting from 8-H, NBC's biggest studio, these days, instead of the smaller, more intimate studio he used to work in. And there's a story. When Radio City was built, Rudy sat in with the designers and helped create the plans for big Studio 8-H, the idea being that he'd be the one to use it most so he'd better have a hand in building it. But when Radio City was opened, Rudy used 8-H for a couple of months, then decided it was too big, he didn't like it. Since then, until very recently, he's used the smaller 8-G. He still doesn't like 8-H, but NBC had to do something to take care of the overwhelming demand for tickets to the Vallee broadcast.

* * *

CINCINNATI—If you want to sing on the air, you must be prepared to change your name on request. Arlene Johnson has found that out.

Arlene is the name her parents gave her when she was born in Minneapolis. Two years ago she went to New York and joined a singing group known as Judy and the Bunch, which was heard on NBC. This, of course, changed her name to Judy.

A few months ago she joined the Vocal Varieties program, the NBC show which originates in the WLW studios here every Tuesday and Thursday. The Vocal Varieties people featured her as the girl member of their trio, the Smoothies—and changed her name again, to Babs.

* * *

All signs point to the permanent retirement from the air of Mickey Mouse. The sponsors are probably still hoping to bring Mickey and his pals back to a radio studio in the fall, but Mickey's boss, Walt Disney, was never happy about the show and doesn't want to repeat next year. He always felt that his characters lost too much of their appeal when you couldn't see them.

* * *

Art Millett, announcer for Valiant Lady, celebrated the show's switch from CBS to NBC by buying a snappy launch to cruise around in this summer, and by christening it "Lady Valiant." Joan Blaine, the Valiant Lady herself, christened it.

* * *

The radio folks around Chicago must be trying to persuade themselves that they're working in Hollywood. Margarette Shanna, Betty Winkler, Alice Hill, Betty Lou Gerson, Frances Carlon, June Meredith and Barbara Luddy have formed the Sun Hunters Club, and the girl who first succeeds in getting a smooth coat of tan will be elected president for the summer. And Betty Winkler, returning from an Arizona and Hollywood vacation, was the first to introduce slacks and sandals as the proper costume for work at the mike. Other Chicagoans gasped at first, but caught on soon enough; and now Betty is taking bows for being the first to bring comfortable working togs to the studios.

* * *

The month's Stroud Twins story: The two boys always live separately, in different apartment buildings. The other morning Claude called on Clarence for a few minutes, then went on his way while Clarence stayed behind to wait for an important telephone call. He waited all morning, but the call didn't come. In desperation, he finally phoned the desk clerk. "Why, there have been several calls for you, Mr. Stroud," the clerk said, "but I saw you go out over two hours ago, so I didn't even bother to ring."

* * *

New York — Few sports announcers have the tough time that falls to the lot of WMCA's Dick Fishell. To you or me it might not seem such a chore to look like movie actor Buster Crabbe, but to Dick it's just awful. Since he's director of special events for WMCA as well as head sports announcer, he has to get around town quite a bit, into banquet halls and night clubs, and it's pretty hard for him to go anywhere without being asked for "Your autograph please, Mr. Crabbe." Nothing for him to do about it, either, except head for the nearest exit, because his denials aren't believed at all.

Dick, who was recently married, has been with WMCA for four years, and is now twenty-nine. He is a graduate of Peekskill Military Academy, and was picked as an All-American fullback in his college days. He's also an excellent amateur tennis-player and golfer, and sports of all kinds are his hobby as well as his profession. Sports-minded New Yorkers would rather miss their supper than his news and predictions on WMCA, heard at 6:30 every week night and 7:15 on Sundays.

* * *

SEATTLE, Wash.—For five years NBC paid Rita Lane of San Francisco to sing love ditties to the production manager of a CBS chain station. Her bosses didn't know that when she sang on the Looking Glass Review, the original Carefree Carnival, and other shows, she wasn't thinking about the public—she was thinking about Dudley Williamson. They're married now, and Rita is still loyally under contract to NBC, while Dudley recently took a job with KOL, Seattle.

Syphilis Can Be Stamped Out!

(*Continued from page* 50)

brilliant achievements in preventive medicine. Besides the victory on the battlefield, the A.E.F. defeated venereal disease in its own ranks and came back home absolutely clean.

The average rate in the Army today is around twenty-four per thousand. Can we parallel this record in civil life? We can beat it, but it will not be an easy thing to do and will demand patience and skill in adapting the required measures to the varying conditions in the several states, cities and rural localities.

Anticipating an aroused public interest, it is important that medical and nursing services and public health clinic and hospital facilities be provided wherever necessary in order to take advantage of the people's cooperation in finding all the cases. The public should also be warned against medical charletans victimizing people who are infected, and who are not informed about where to go for competent advice and treatment.

CLEARLY we are challenged as a nation to solve this problem at whatever cost in time, in money and in service. If we cannot do everything at once we can begin with the most important things first.

We can stamp out syphilis from child life by examining all expectant mothers and treating those infected; and by discovering and treating children already born with the disease.

We can protect marriage by requiring all applicants for licenses to secure an adequate health examination including tests for syphilis.

We can make arrangements for proper examination, treatment and advice to be available to every citizen, regardless of social, economic or moral status.

Then we can go to work in every community to find those infected but not yet under treatment, and to induce and aid them to secure proper medical care.

I would make a direct appeal to our young men for self-discipline, and a recognition of the moral obligation that rests upon them to lead clean lives for their own sakes and also in order that they may promote national preparedness by being physically fit to serve the country in an emergency. And I would invoke the national pride in our manhood and womanhood and would urge our people, as a whole to strive to place America in the forefront among nations in eradicating syphilis.

If this can be accomplished, and if our people, both individually and collectively, will take hold of this problem and stick to it, there is no doubt whatever of our ability eventually to stamp out venereal disease in this country.

I accepted the Chairmanship of the American Social Hygiene Association's Anti-Syphilis Committee because of my desire to help this body of distinguished and representative men and women.

Let us go forward with courage, and with confidence in our ability to accomplish this great task, than which there is nothing more important in our national life.

Gossip at the beach!

JUDY: "He nagged and acted so terribly mean, it sure looked like a bust-up for a while. I really felt sorry for Jane."

ALICE: "Aw, be fair! Tom raised cain—but so would you if you always had to go around in tattle-tale gray. Jane was to blame for using lazy soap. It left dirt behind! Tom's shirts and her whole wash showed it."



SALLY: "Well, I'm glad the fuss has all blown over! If we'd only told Jane sooner how Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* hustle out every last speck of dirt—the whole mess wouldn't have happened."

MARY: "Better late than never! Since she listened to us and switched to Fels-Naptha Soap, everything's peaches again and they're off for a second honeymoon!"

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

"DANDRUFF ITCH?"



Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *(This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)*
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *(This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)*
3. Rinse very thoroughly. *(Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)*
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. *(This relieves dryness.)*

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 807 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.



WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

SNAPSHOTTING THE HAPPY GANG: Fan mail says it's most popular program on Canadian air today . . . 25,000 letters in five months can't be wrong . . . heard five times a week over the coast-to-coast network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. . . . originates in Toronto . . . sustainer, not bound by rules, excepting good taste . . . program always carefree . . . fans in Canada and U. S. have their favorite personalities, but Gang clicks as a unit . . . started locally on CBL, but given network coverage soon after . . . housewives write they drop all work when it goes on the air . . . whole sanatoriums listen regularly . . . Gang tried to stop the reading of names on the air, but audiences protested . . . names back in—not too many; enough for spice . . . fans have sent Gang everything from Valentines to tasty samples of favorite candy and pie recipes.



The Happy Gang: Kathleen Stokes, driver; George Temple with the whip; and "horses" Bob Farnon, Herb May, Bert Pearl, Blain Mathe.

CLOSEUPS: Bert Pearl . . . leader of The Happy Gang; Master of Ceremonies on all shows; twenty-fifth birthday casually mentioned on air last January brought him more presents than he'd ever had in lifetime; used to be billed on one-man CBC shows as "Canada's Cheerful Little Earful;" now known as "five-foot-two of sunshine;" says he's really an eighth of an inch taller; curly hair; blue eyes; talks a blue streak; plays piano; sings; mimics; got radio start in Winnipeg; had to buy a car to get from one Toronto station to another, he has so many programs.

Kathleen Stokes . . . organist and official Gang giggler; has infectious high-c chuckle that gets 'em . . . considered one of Canada's best pedal-pushers; played organ for years at Shea's theater, Toronto . . . she's happily married; gives Gang listeners timely fashion hints; has solo organ spots on CBC nets.

Blain Mathe . . . pronounced Mah-Tay; a rarity: French-Canadian in Toronto; can make his violin sing either sweet or hot; plays "Ave Maria" one minute and "Dipsy-Doodle" the next; medium height; dark; only married man of the Gang; can't sing, but tries hard; always charmingly late for rehearsals.

Bob Farnon . . . nobody ever called him "Robert;" fans think he looks like Don Ameche; Bob says all but the ears; plays a mean trumpet a la Louis Armstrong; likes to burlesque singing of Carmen Lombardo, of the Canadian Lombardos; tells the screamy "Gram" stories.

Herbert (Herb) May . . . six-foot-three of masculine temptation done up in a youthful package; started as program's announcer, but fans made him one of the Gang; whistles on program a la Crosby, and sings like a bullfrog with tonsilitis; most of his fan mail is scented; fans call him the "Whistling Wonder;" intimates call him "The Menace;" started with CBC in Ottawa, and graduated to Toronto.

George Temple . . . program producer; nervous as a cat on hot bricks at program time, but gets things done by his temperamental charges; married and one child, Ralph; was overseas as a field wireless operator; had years on the English stage; was free-lance producer in Montreal, before joining CBC producing staff at Toronto.

I FORGET WHO TOLD ME BUT . . .

Andrew Allan, CFRB scripter-producer-announcer, made good use of his vacation in London, England . . . cables he has accepted a job with a London advertising agency . . . making him a merryandrew . . . Judith Evelyn, statuesque, CFRB-CBL actress, also felt the call of the Motherland . . . movie roles with English companies apparently had a come-hither look . . . will be able to talk over old times with Torontonian Elizabeth Sutherland, winner of the O'Keefe's radio "dramatic talent hunt" series last winter. now under contract to Alexander Korda . . . Rupert Lucas, ace CBC producer, is completing a ten weeks' tour of Western Canada radio stations . . . still-hunt for talent for CBC nets . . . Albert Pratz, CBC Rubinoff, played a twenty-five grand Strad . . . then had an opening program in the hospital . . . operation was a success, but for once Albert wants no encore . . . Ann Jamison, Canadian songbird heard regularly with Hollywood Hotel, was once staff-singer on CFRB, Columbia Toronto outlet, but Toronto couldn't hear her for cotton-wool in the ears . . . . . Al Leary, station-chief of CKCL, is sporting a deep-dyed coat of tan . . . has been having a swell time at Avon Park, Florida, spring training grounds of the Toronto Maple Leafs, International League ball club . . . Al was gathering color for his exclusive broadcasts over CKCL this summer of all Leafian home games.

A NEW FEATURE, DESIGNED TO ANSWER ALL YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT THE RADIO STARS OF CANADA

ANSWERS TO YOUR TELEVISION QUESTIONS

In response to numerous requests, RADIO MIRROR *publishes this question and answer column to help readers who are interested in this wonderful new field. We do not guarantee to answer all questions correctly because the progress of television changes from day to day, but if there is anything you want to know, write to the Television Editor,* RADIO MIRROR, *122 East 42nd Street, New York City.*

1. Is complete darkness necessary for television reception?

Answer—No. The set will perform satisfactorily, if the lights are not too bright. However, darkness is recommended for a more brilliant image.

2. Can images be photographed off the receiver screen?

Answer—Yes, with the proper fast lens and film.

3. What's the status of the scanning disk method of television?

Answer—The majority of television engineers claim it is obsolete. But there are some experimenters who claim it will be revived for color television.

4. Will existing broadcast stations present television programs?

Answer—No. Sound programs will continue as a separate effort. But it is believed that most television transmitters will be operated by owners of broadcasting stations.

5. Are chances good for long-distance television tuning?

Answer—No. Tuning will be limited within a conservative radius of the transmitter. Picture signals cannot be picked up at great distances as readily as sound signals.

6. Does television offer new talent employment opportunities?

Answer—At this time artists are being engaged for experimental programs only. But, undoubtedly, a huge new outlet for talent will be opened when television goes commercial.

7. Is radically new facial make-up essential for sight programs?

Answer—Recent tests by Philco revealed that ordinary cosmetics fill the bill.

8. Will Hollywood movie names invade television?

Answer—It sounds logical. But radio likes to build its own stars, too. Hence, there will most likely be room enough for established stars and talented newcomers.

9. Will television sets for automobiles be available?

Answer—Engineers are concentrating all their efforts on perfecting home models, but automobile sight-and-sound sets seem like a possibility for the future.

10. Is technical knowledge necessary to operate a television receiver?

Answer—No. The sight-and-sound sets are as simple to tune as an ordinary radio set although there are additional control knobs.

Have you tried chewing gum while you're driving?



Many drivers tell us—and many laboratory tests explain why—chewing gum helps ease nervous tension under pressure, aids in reducing your feeling of fatigue. Just as gum helps an athlete keep "on his game," so it helps a driver keep on the job, alert and yet relaxed. On long trips chewing gum helps to relieve driving drowsiness. Keep a package of Beech-Nut Gum or a box of candy-coated Beechies always handy in the pocket of your car. You will enjoy their fresh, rich flavor . . . and the aid they lend to better driving.



3 KINDS OF BEECHIES

A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum...in three flavors...Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint. Select the kind you like.

ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.

BEECH-NUT GUM
is always refreshing

P.S. *Have you tried* RUMMIES, *the new Beech-Nut Candy with the different and delicious flavor?*

A TIRED WOMAN MAKES A POOR WIFE



How You Can Have Time for Home and for Husband, Too!

How can you be a comfort to your husband and a help to your children, if you are tired out all the time? Too many women work so hard over their homes that they have no time for play. Then they wonder why their husbands seem restless, and their children are a burden instead of a joy.

Here's a suggestion that has been followed by millions of women; it makes their housework much easier, means nourishing appetizing meals, and saves a good deal of money, too. Several times a week, serve Franco-American Spaghetti!

Franco-American is packed with nourishment, and it tastes so good that the family never seems to get tired of it. For the children's lunch give them this savory dish—with milk and fruit you have a complete meal that's on the table in a jiffy. For dinner use Franco-American as a side dish, or it is perfectly wonderful to make left-overs go further and taste better.

Franco-American is not like ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Franco-American is the kind with the extra good sauce—it contains eleven savory ingredients. It usually costs only 10¢ a can, and that's less than 3¢ a portion.

Get Franco-American at your grocer's today and get a little time for pleasure!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, Dept. 48
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Charlie McCarthy's Father

(*Continued from page 29*)

"You blankety-blank-blank! Put him down," he yelled, throwing himself upon the would-be assassin in a fury—only to be sent headlong against the wall by a mighty heave of a mighty palm.

"You get away. You get hurt," The Great Chandor said. "Me—I have no hate for you. It is him—" with a baleful glance at Charlie—"I do not like."

But Edgar refused to obey. He rushed in again, and again was about to get the worst of it when, through the open door, another gentleman joined the party, supplying six feet and a hundred and eighty pounds of Irish brawn that didn't wait to parley, but tackled The Great Chandor with the force of a Red Grange and laid him flat . . .

And that is the way Edgar Bergen met Ken Murray, headliner on the bill but not so high and mighty that he wouldn't help out a pal—two pals—in a jam. They had already spoken to each other casually, of course, but it took the subjugation of The Great Chandor really to introduce them. From that day to this, Ken, big, black-haired, breezy and boisterous, and Edgar, smaller, slighter, blond and reticent, have been buddies.

"Ah, yes, my Uncle Ken," Charlie is wont to say. "My favorite relative . . . So handsome, too. I look just like him . . ."

The encounter of the three with The Great Chandor was one of the early highlights in Edgar's and Charlie's first vaudeville tour out of Chicago after Edgar was graduated from Northwestern University. They had gleaned a lot of experience playing in local variety theaters nights and Saturdays while Edgar was still in school. Now they were on the road, bonafide members of a bonafide troupe, with a not too bad, although not too good, place on the bill on which Ken Murray was the star.

AS they had done in Chautauqua, Edgar and Charlie traveled up and down and across the country and back again, often playing one night stands in draughty, gas-lit theaters where they dressed in the boiler room and lodged in "joints" where the snow would sift in on a winter night and blanket the bed. Of course, things got better as the months rolled by. Ken became a headliner in "big time" and he saw to it that his pals, Edgar and Charlie, were a part of the Ken Murray unit that played the best theaters in every big city. But a lot happened before then.

For one thing, Edgar found Mary . . .

Edgar's act was featured by his now famous "operation" stunt in which he, playing a "doctor" and assisted by a "nurse," attempts an appendectomy with Charlie as the protesting patient.

He got the idea from his own operation for appendicitis during college days. He has always done this—has incorporated into his and Charlie's current act his own experiences. Even as far back as his Decatur days he was doing it. For instance, when he learned to ride a motor-bike, his experiences the while appeared in his next public performance.

As I say, the operation act included a "nurse," and a certain girl Edgar employed for the role was one destined to influence his life for many years to come, perhaps always. He had several other assistants during the vaudeville career, but it was only this one to whom he gave his heart . . . No, her name was not Mary, really. I have only called her Mary because I know Edgar would rather have it that way.

He saw her first in another vaudeville act. It was not a very important act and she was not a very important part of it, but he singled her out. Like Ila Olerich, there was "something about her." He wished he could get her to be in his act; decided to ask her. He was older, now, and more experienced in the ways of girls than he had been when he had spoken those first stammering words to Ila, so he neither stammered nor blushed when he accosted Mary backstage, after the show. What he said, though, was just as unprefaced and direct.

MY name is Edgar Bergen. I need a girl for my act. Would you be interested?"

She was, and the job was hers.

For three years then—because she was with him that long except for brief vacations in the summertime—life held for the shy, reserved Edgar, the greatest happiness he had ever known. You see, he fell in love completely and perhaps for the last time.

Well, even Ken Murray, more worldly wise, more aware of the unusual failings of women, didn't blame him. The three travelled together constantly. Edgar and Ken roomed together. And Ken says she was "tops." She was the kind of a girl he says, who could get off a milk train at 4:45 in the morning after a cold, sleepless, disagreeable night's ride from the town up the line, still looking pretty, and acting pretty, too. She was the kind of a girl who laughed instead of cried in those inevitable situations wherein nothing else seems adequate . . .

And she loved him, too. She would have married him any time he said—



Young George Griffin, *NBC* baritone, is making a series of musical shorts for Warner Brothers.

only he wouldn't say. He wanted to. He worshipped the ground she walked on, Ken says. He wanted to love her and cherish her and take care of her always, but—

"It wouldn't work," he told her. "What kind of a life would I be offering you? A life in trunks and hotel rooms. A life of uncertainty, perhaps poverty. No, Mary, sweet, there is no future in ventriloquism . . . No future, at all . . ."

And when Mary saw he meant it—that, for all he loved her, his stern, Scandinavian conscience would never let him do what he didn't think was right, she told him goodbye.

"It is better this way," she said.

She left the road and went back to Chicago. She wrote to Edgar sometimes, but he never had been very good at letter writing, and when he couldn't say to her what he wanted to; when he couldn't write down the two short words that were eating out his heart—"*Come back*"—he didn't write anything at all. And finally, one day, he heard she was married.

That was a long time ago, but he is still alone . . .

IT was the summer of 1928 that Edgar and Charlie were offered an engagement in London. Whereupon they invented a special McCarthian English accent and set forth to seek their fortune overseas. They were a success, too, even at a distinguished private party at Grosvenor House, where guests included such celebrities as Barbara Hutton and Lady Furness. Edgar Bergen is a smart chap. He took the trouble to get the guest list for this affair and included in his conversations with Charlie many a quip at the expense of those present. London's elite, notwithstanding the alleged British lack of humor, enjoyed this fun-poking at their expense, and his performance was a triumph.

After that, Edgar made several trips to Europe. Once, as entertainer on a Scandinavian cruise of a Swedish American liner, he appeared before the Crown Prince of Sweden, at a great banquet in Stockholm celebrating a Swedish World's Fair.

This particular cruise took him to Iceland, to Hammerfest, that far northern port of Lapland, and to Moscow and Leningrad. In Reyjavik, Iceland, he remembers, particularly, the dark-eyed, brown-skinned children who gathered 'round the docks to see the big foreign ship and how enthralled they were when he brought out Charlie and made him talk to them in Swedish, which they understood.

At Hammerfest he and some of the tourists rode out into the country to a spot where a tribe of nomadic Lapps were camped and Edgar put on a show while the wondering natives stood around marvelling, not only at Charlie, but also at the sudden loquacity of hitherto inarticulate babies and even the tribe's reindeer.

There was a little trouble, though—or almost. Singling out a rather pretty (as Lapp ladies go) matron, Charlie, always the Don Juan, remarked in Swedish that he would like to kiss her. But when he attemped to suit action to word, her husband, an exceedingly large gentleman, objected, threateningly . . . And can't you just hear Charlie's hasty explanations?

"Why, mister, I meant nothing *personal*. Kissing is a custom in our country. Yes, *sir!* And anyway I



MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* —BATHE WITH PERFUMED

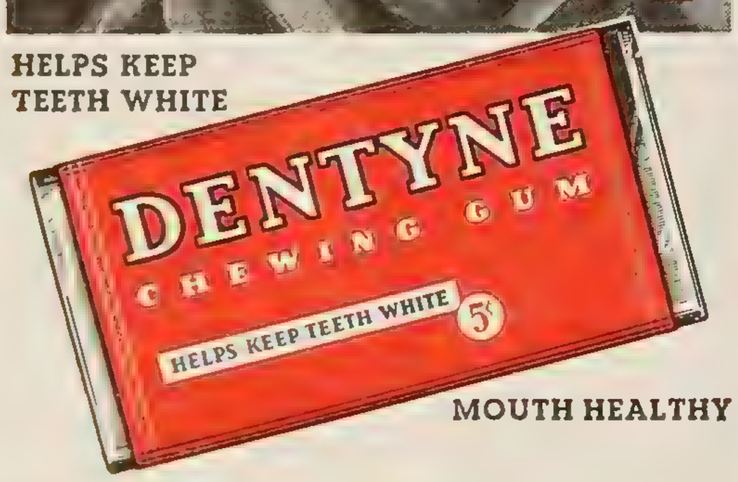
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Fortunate SAMOAN GIRL!

Famed for their sparkling smiles—the comely maids of Samoa ate rough, primitive foods that kept their teeth healthfully exercised, polished and sound. We civilized folk eat softer foods, depriving our teeth of needed exercise.



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



MOUTH HEALTHY

CHEW DENTYNE—MODERN AID TO SOUNDER, WHITER TEETH

Notice how Dentyne's specially firm consistency invites more vigorous chewing—healthfully exercising mouth and teeth. It stimulates circulation of the blood in gums and mouth tissues—and stimulates the salivary glands, promoting natural self-cleansing. Helps keep your teeth sounder, more sparkling white!

THE FLAVOR'S SPICY—DELICIOUS!

You'll delight in that smooth spiciness—that luscious, *lasting* Dentyne flavor! Once you taste it, you're sure to want more! You'll be pleased with the package, too—neatly flat with streamlined corners (exclusive Dentyne feature)—so handy to carry in pocket or purse.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

just meant to kiss her hand . . ." All of which sufficiently mollified the Lapp so that he subsided, although still obviously distrusting Charlie and his motives.

One Summer in the early 1930s, Edgar was signed as entertainer on a cruise to the West Indies and northern South America. But it is not the sense-stirring atmosphere of Havana, nor the glamour of the Lindbergh Circle, nor the clean, clear beauty of Caracas that he remembers best, but instead, a strange, heart-breaking day when, for the first and last time, he and Charlie put on a show which drew not one whit of applause. They staged this show at La Guaira, in Venezuela, and members of their audience were lepers . . .

He hadn't expected anything like this when the ship steamed into sight of those incredible red coastal mountains guarding the little Venezuelan port of LaGuaira. He had expected only to visit LaGuaira for a few hours and then motor up to the mountain city of Caracas, as the other passengers were going to do. But a customs official peering into his luggage, and, finding Charlie, altered this plan.

AH, so you are the ventriloquist, and this is your—what do you call it—dummy?" the man said. "Well, *senor,* you are therefore in a position to do a great and generous favor while a guest in our city! You could perhaps give the entertainment for our leper colony, here? They have so little diversion, those unfortunate ones. You can understand that?"

Yes, Edgar could understand that . . . And so that afternoon, enroute to Caracas, he and Charlie stopped before a gray, walled settlement guarded by a great iron gate; mounted an improvised platform facing the wide grilling and bowed to an audience Edgar will never forget—a group of silent, unsmiling people who seemed gathered there, not at all in anticipation of diversion, but only for politeness' sake, or because they had been told to, or because there was nothing better to do in their bitter, hopeless lives.

"What do we care about you?" their eyes seemed to say. "What can you do to make us forget this living death that is ours?"

Edgar tried to answer that unspoken question as best he could. He tried harder to be funny and gay and entertaining than he ever had in his life. Since he couldn't speak Spanish—and most of the inmates of the colony were Spanish-speaking—he and Charlie sang songs and he also called into play some of his old magic tricks—the funniest ones.

But he might have been playing to the dead. Not one laugh or even a smile greeted his antics. Those people just stood there quietly, politely watching, but that was all. And when, at last, he had finished, his audience didn't even applaud but only told him: *"Gracias, Senor . . ."* And left the gate, again, for that doomed realm beyond the sight of the world.

Edgar went on to beautiful, modern Caracas where he stayed several days. He may have enjoyed himself. Somehow, he can't tell you for sure because the only thing he really remembers about Venezuela was that sorrowful hour when he tried to bring laughter to the lips and forgetfulness to the hearts of the lepers of LaGuaira—and failed.

It was about the time he returned to New York from this cruise that Fortune, friendly enough until then, turned her back on him and Charlie. It was the fault of the Depression. Already threatened by talking pictures and radio, vaudeville couldn't survive the extra pinch of hard times. It quietly died, leaving Edgar and hundreds like him out of a job.

Being a thrifty soul, inclined to save his money, he wasn't exactly broke when he realized he could no longer find a spot in vaudeville because there wasn't any vaudeville. He therefore took a little time off to consider the situation. He had to do something. But what? After careful thought he decided the answer lay in night clubs.

Whereupon he revised his famous "operation" act to suit the more sophisticated white tie audience, bought himself a new and very elegant suit of tails, complete with top hat, and *bought Charlie one, too.*

"That was the smartest thing I ever did," he says, now, and I guess he was right. Certainly, it wasn't long before he got himself a job in Helen Morgan's club. They liked him there, too. That is, they liked Charlie. Edgar, of course, is always just the "stooge." As the weeks went by, Beau Brummel McCarthy proved smarter and funnier than the old raggedy-tag Newsboy McCarthy had ever dreamed of being, and his caustic wit became the talk of the Big Town.

But then came another bad break, disguised as a bigger and better opportunity. Edgar signed up with the Ziegfeld Follies—and lost his job in two weeks! It wasn't that his and Charlie's act was bad. It just didn't seem to fit in with the rest of the show, according to his employer's way of thinking. So there they were again, dressed up fit to kill in top hat and tails, but without that desirable attribute to health and happiness, a Regular Income. Helen Morgan had found another act for her show. No one else seemed to want them after the Ziegfeld flop. It was one of those things.

FINALLY Edgar left New York and went to New Orleans under contract to a cheap cafe, only to learn just how contrary Lady Luck can be. Because two weeks later he was offered his Follies spot again and couldn't accept it because of his New Orleans contract.

As Edgar realized he must spend several months working in a cheap place for small money when he could have been back on Broadway—well that, he says now, was life's darkest moment. Even Charlie, grinning at him cockily from the top of the bureau, failed to cheer him up.

What strange significance did a party given by Elsa Maxwell have on Edgar Bergen's life? And why, at the height of his career, did he start a search for another Charlie McCarthy? . . . Don't miss next month's concluding instalment, the climax to this absorbing story of Showdom's most remarkable figure.

Beginning in September — a sparkling new feature by RADIO MIRROR's new Hollywood reporter, George Fischer.

Before You Try That Second Marriage—

(*Continued from page* 19)

I'm not to blame.'

"If only marriage could be made harder! If I were writing the laws, I would force engaged couples to file their intention to marry four weeks before the wedding day. That would help, some, although it isn't a complete solution of the problem.

"I'm not an advocate of second marriages, nor of what used to be called 'companionate marriage.' But I must admit that there are things about marriage that you only find out by *being* married. If you could know them before the wedding day, it would be much easier for you to evade unhappiness and possible divorce—because sometimes, by the time you do learn them, it is too late to put the knowledge to account."

HELEN MENKEN is tiny, slight, filled with a driving energy that forces words and ideas out of her in a torrent. As she talks, she habitually gestures with her hands—in fact, she does this even when she reads her script at the microphone. And yet, somehow, in spite of the speed with which they are delivered, her ideas are well thought-out, marshalled in logical order, easy to grasp.

"How about what I've always supposed would be one of the major hazards of marrying for a second time?" I asked her. "Isn't there any danger in comparisons? Don't you sometimes say to yourself, 'My first husband never did that'—or, 'My first husband was so much more thoughtful about anniversaries?'"

"Never," she said. "It never occurs to me to make comparisons. Sometimes I feel that I was never married before at all—as far as comparing one husband with another goes, that is. Time, I think, takes care of that. It erases the details of your past life, and takes away the incentive to measure up what you had once against what you have now.

"For that reason, I would strongly advise against jumping from one marriage to another. There *has* to be time between divorce and remarriage. At least a year, preferably more. There are so many other reasons for waiting, besides. You have to give the emotional scars time to heal, for one thing. More important, you must take stock of yourself, face the responsibility for the failure of your first marriage squarely, and in doing so, learn tolerance.

"I lived alone for five years before I married my present husband, and as a result I came to know myself pretty well. When I did decide to take the step, I was sure it was the right thing for me to do. I wasn't letting myself be swayed too much by emotion—although, I'm happy to say, the emotion was there, but controlled and grown-up, as it should have been.

"Those five years, as much as the failure of my first marriage, taught me how to make a success of my second. Without them, I'm sure I would have made many of my former mistakes over again.

"Take the little things of life," she went on. "They assume such terribly great importance in your first marriage. The fact that you like to go to



"ARMHOLE ODOR"
may be robbing you of popularity
Learn to keep your underarm **dry**
and your dress **can't** smell

HEAVENLY MUSIC! A dozen partners to dance with. Yet you sit alone—unnoticed! Cruel, yes—but it's bound to happen if you neglect that little hollow under your arm.

If the slightest perspiration collects on your dress, your dress will smell. A man's illusion of glamor will be shattered the moment he leads you on to the floor. To be *sure* of not offending, you must keep your underarm not only sweet, but DRY.

MAKE THIS TEST! One simple test will tell you if "armhole odor" is standing between you and popularity. When you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the armhole. Horrified, you will instinctively draw away from its stale "armhole odor." And you will never again wonder why other people draw away from *you*.

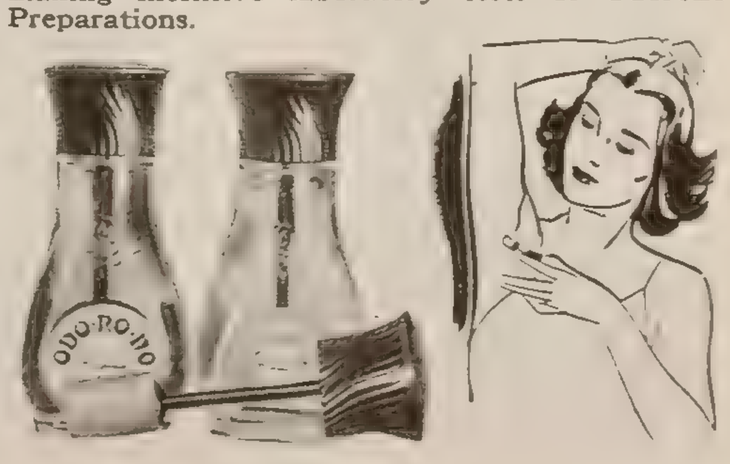
ODORONO IS SURE! Odorono simply closes the pores in that one small shut-in area—and you *can't* offend! It insures you and your dress against unpardonable "armhole odor" by keeping your underarm *always dry*. No more embarrassing perspiration stains . . . no possibility of offensive "armhole odor"!

TAKES LONGER, BUT WORTH IT! Odorono takes a few minutes to dry, but it makes you safe from embarrassment for 1 to 3 days!

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SAFE! "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when carefully used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.



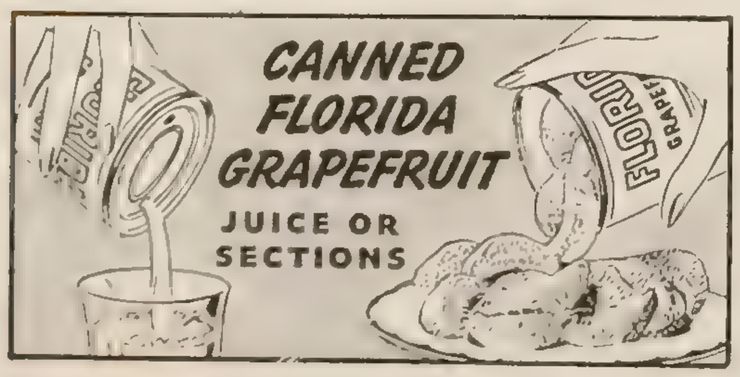


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THERE isn't a thing in canned Florida grapefruit to add to your weight. But *everything* in it adds to your health and good looks. It's rich in vitamins and minerals that bring glowing radiance to your skin and sparkle to your eyes—that make you peppier and more attractive.

So enjoy canned Florida grapefruit every single day. You'll love the chilled sections or a big glass of juice for breakfast. You'll relish a grapefruit salad for lunch or dinner. And a glass of grapefruit juice at bedtime will send you off to sound sleep. Order several cans of sections and juice from your grocer today. Look for the name "Florida" and be sure of the best!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLA.



the theater and your husband doesn't, that he likes swing music and you can't stand it, that he believes in the adage about early to bed and early to rise while you aren't happy (or think you aren't) if you have to go to bed before two or get up before noon.

"Because you haven't yet learned tolerance, and because you are taking yourself but not your marriage far too seriously, these little things assume an importance far greater than they should. But in your second marriage—oh, the same little problems come up but they don't seem so vital.

"You learn, too, that there is something to be said for swing music, or whatever it happens to be that your husband likes and you don't. If you really love your husband, you discover that you're willing to sit and listen to his brand of music for a while, simply because he likes it so much. Before, with your first husband, you probably were a crusader, all for teaching him to like the things you liked. It was your pride that made you determined to change him, mold him into the pattern you desired. And, of course, you tried to change him in the wrong way. You were too rough about it, not subtle enough.

A CLEVER woman can change her husband's viewpoint on these little things, if she goes about it in the right way. Not by telling him that he shouldn't like detective stories, or fishing, or whatever pet recreation he has that she deplores. Instead, she makes up her mind that it won't do her any harm to learn about these things her husband likes so much. She reads a few detective stories, and is good sport enough to listen with real interest when he tells her about the big fish that got away—and then, when she's done that, she gets her husband to take her to the theater, or persuades him to read something she likes particularly. He probably won't enjoy the play or the book as much as she, but the point is that they are sharing an experience. And that's a very important thing.

"This business of sharing—it's the closest I can come to expressing in words something that means a great deal to marriage but is almost never discussed. I suppose we're ashamed to discuss it. We can say frankly, nowadays, that successful marriage depends upon sex—but we can't bring ourselves to admit openly that successful marriage also depends upon a spiritual factor, an awareness in both the husband and the wife of some power higher than that of the flesh. You see? I'm having trouble getting the words out, partly because I'm embarrassed and partly because what I mean is so hard to explain.

"But though it's difficult to explain, this spiritual factor is very much present in a completely happy marriage. You don't realize it at first—don't even realize it is necessary. Sometimes you don't realize it until after your first marriage has failed, and you sit back and take stock of yourself. Then you are apt to see, after all the faults have been lined up on both sides, that there was this other thing lacking in the partnership. And you know, if you are ever to be happy in marriage, that it must not be lacking.

"In a second marriage you learn that it's the partnership that's important, not the individual. You stop insisting on your 'rights' at the expense of the partnership. Since I've been



There'll be no rest for Daddy on Independence Day when Baby Snooks gets her mischief done.

married a second time, then, I've discovered that my husband has to be the boss. It's his routine of life that must be considered, not mine. I have my work on the air and in the theater, but it mustn't conflict with my husband's position as head of the family. All my life I've kept late hours—naturally, being an actress, it's been partly necessity, partly choice. But now I deliberately model my routine of life after my husband's. He's a doctor and has to get up early in the mornings. Very well, I get up early too, and have breakfast with him. It's his right, and it's my job as a wife to respect that right.

"Similarly, it's a husband's right to come home at night and find his wife rested and ready to be a companion to him, not weary from putting in a hard day at her own work. More and more wives are working outside of their homes, carrying on their own careers. Sometimes they have to, I admit. But a marriage is happier and stands more chance of surviving when the husband is the undisputed breadwinner, the undisputed boss.

"You're apt to want to be your own boss when you're first married—and before you find out you can't be that and be happy too, the marriage is on its way down the skids."

She paused, and looked out of the window for a moment at the busy traffic of Fifth Avenue, the green of Central Park across the way.

"Don't think it's pleasant," she said then, more seriously even than before. "Divorce, living alone after your divorce, trying to reconstruct your life—none of them are pleasant. You hurt yourself, and you're lonely, and you wonder if you ever *will* be happy. But, if you are at all capable of growing, of learning, it all has its effect.

"It sounds paradoxical, but if a woman fears and hates divorce and remarriage—then is just when she actually need not fear them at all. Because her revulsion over the thought of them proves that she is big enough, and sensitive enough, to overcome their dangers and even turn them to account by learning from them. It's the woman who accepts the idea of divorce, laughing and claiming that she can take it in her stride, who is going to have a hard time making a success of her first marriage, her second, or her tenth."

Death at Birth

(*Continued from page* 10)

manent result.

The encouraging feature of the situation is that the first step is well under way. As evidence of this fact you have only to note the complete change that has come in the attitude of the press toward the question of maternity. Only a few years ago newspapers refused to discuss the facts unless they were disguised so as not to shock the readers. Radio stations thought it indecent to mention the word pregnancy even in a medical talk. As recently as eight years ago I was refused permission on the radio to say that measurement of the pelvis by the physician was an essential prenatal measure. The word "pelvis" was believed to be offensive to the American public. I might add that fifty years ago the word "stomach" was equally taboo in polite society and that two hundred years ago it was considered improper for a physician to preside at birth.

The situation is changing for the better—and faster today than ever before. The prohibitions of the radio are relaxing. Moving pictures even are appearing to tell the facts of safe maternity. In an increasing number of cities fathers' classes are being formed where with medical lectures and demonstrations expectant fathers can learn the requirements of the new safe maternity.

But maternity is involved in one of the most ancient and deep-seated taboos of our civilization, the taboos that surround all matters even remotely connected with sex.

And how utterly illogical those taboos are. The lighter, the essentially seductive phases may be dealt with freely; in fact, they are glorified. The really important, the serious and vital part of marriage and parenthood, must not be mentioned.

Nowhere is this attitude upon which the American public has been nurtured illustrated more clearly than in the romantic novel so dear to the Nineteenth Century. There were three hundred pages of the vicissitudes of an impassioned courtship, one page of wedding, and then the book stopped. The reader, if he gave some thought as well as emotion to the subject, was left to ponder on the certainty of the maternity tragedies that confronted the couple whose whole training for parenthood had been the conventions of courtship.

Doesn't that very situation, enacted as it has been in the lives of most men and women, summarize the difficulty that confronts us today? Human beings are born with instincts, healthy, normal, good instincts, but they are not born with the knowledge needed to guide these instincts to the avoidance of tragedies. Knowledge can be gained by the vastly costly process of experience; or it can be imparted by the lifesaving process of education. We are born with the instinct to walk, but we must be taught not to walk in front of automobiles. We can't be allowed to learn that by experience. And this same simple fact applies to maternity. The needless deaths of mothers are of those who have had their lessons too late, and by experience only.

Always in matters of this sort I can't help but wonder who is responsible. Certainly the parent who fails to teach the child the needed cautions against traffic is reprehensible. May we also say that the parent—or the educator—who does not teach the child the knowledge of maternity is reprehensible? I believe so.

And what can each individual do to correct this situation? In order to further the cause of mothers, to make maternity safe, it is not necessary to be a philanthropist, to give vast funds to endow hospitals and clinics. There is a simpler way in which all can aid, no matter how humble they may feel their situation.

The greatest selling power for anything—a commercial product, a book, or the humanitarian protection of mothers—is by word of mouth. Your interest, your sympathy, and your word in breaking down old prejudices, in creating public opinion, is the most valuable aid that can be given. The public opinion you create will allow the spread of the knowledge which will destroy the indifference which now stands in the way of safe maternity.

(The views expressed by the author in the above article are not necessarily those of the magazine or its publishers, but were considered sufficiently compelling to be deserving of attention by RADIO MIRROR *readers.)*





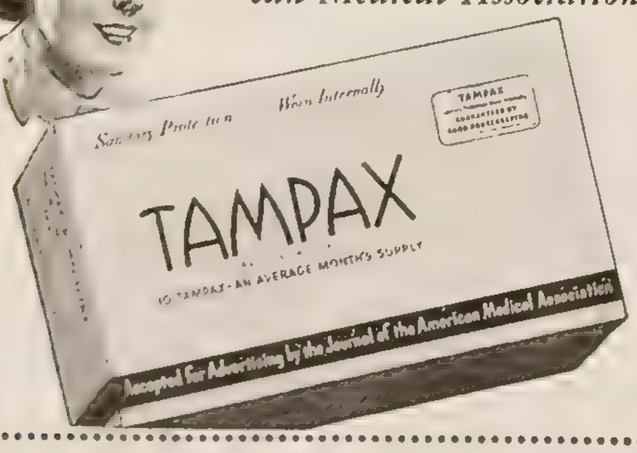
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Twilight Shore

(*Continued from page* 12)

terrible . . . terrible. . . .

ERDA: (*Sadly*) Forgive him. He is an idiot.

(*Gradually the woman's sobs cease; then, once more, the surf pounds endlessly on the shore, the bell-buoy tolls, far out.*)

THE WOMAN: This is the sea again! It is here we started.

ERDA: Aye, Woman. The sea.

THE WOMAN: It is dark, and yet I see countless sails upon the water . . . Why are they so still and silent? The wind is fresh, and blows upon us from the sea. Why are they still?

ERDA: Forever silent and becalmed upon a windy sea, those ships. The wind is fresh indeed, and yet those sails are limp and lifeless in the gale. So are they now . . . so shall they be while time exists.

THE WOMAN: I'm afraid again! I don't understand! I fear that bell and all those silent ships! This place is cruel, and strange. Where is my home . . . ?

ERDA: Soon you will go back . . . though some do not.

THE WOMAN: Some . . . do . . . not?

ERDA: What would you? They are brave; they dip into the dark and surging tides of death to bring forth life. But those who lose their footing on the glazed, wet rocks . . . *they* do not return. The Little Ones go back . . . alone.

THE WOMAN: The . . . Little Ones? . . . (*Suddenly*) Wait! I remember . . . in another place than this . . . a taxi . . . racing dimly through the streets. A taxi . . . anguish . . . my husband . . . a taxi, racing . . . *racing* . . . Where?

ERDA: To meet a ship, Woman. Look . . . look out to sea where rides that dead flotilla. Look!

THE WOMAN: Why . . . I see *one* ship that moves. I see a vessel with all sail spread; the water boils and hisses at her prow. What ship is that?

ERDA: The ship you came to meet. See . . . a shrouded figure poises in the bow. . . .

THE WOMAN: She holds something in her arms, as if for me to take!

ERDA: Yes. She holds a little child, yet unborn. *Your* child.

THE WOMAN: Mine? Mine? . . .

ERDA: Yours, Woman.

THE WOMAN: (*In sudden determination*) I . . . I will not have him!

ERDA: It is for you to choose, Woman.

THE WOMAN: Then I *have* chosen. I . . . will . . . not . . . have . . . him!

ERDA: (*Gently*) A helpless little child; a son, blue-eyed and yellow-haired; caressing, to be caressed. . . .

THE WOMAN: No!

ERDA: Life would be sweet to him as to all things that live.

THE WOMAN: No. It is bitter and tragic! It is cruel, pitiless. You have shown me!

ERDA: It was my duty. Life is divine . . a gift. . . .

THE WOMAN: It is meaningless! A grim and savage trick! I'll have no part of it!

ERDA: Woman . . . you see those vessels, motionless upon the wind-swept sea. Their cargo . . . the souls of the Unwanted! Little children, unwanted and unclaimed, adrift upon the bosom of eternity, knowing no life, no death. Adrift . . . forever! (*Sternly*) Woman, will you take *your* child?

THE WOMAN: (*Struggling with herself, but firm*) No!

ERDA: Though he cries for life and being? You will not?

THE WOMAN: I understand everything now. I saw torment and pain for him; I saw disaster and futility; I saw the Idiot crying for my son . . . and I will not have him!

ERDA: It is a pity. Others have had greater courage. The countless others whose footprints long ago went out to sea. Think of the empty years! Think of the lonely years, when childless twilight comes for you! Think of that lonely time, with none to light the darkening years . . . none to mourn your passing or to rejoice your having been!

THE WOMAN: No . . . no . . . no!

ERDA: The ship draws near. Soon you may hold your child in your arms; and soon he may smile and laugh and curl his finger round your own. . . .

THE WOMAN: (*Whispering.*) No . . . no. . . .

ERDA: The ship is beached. (*There is a pause.*) Woman, your little son. Choose . . . or the boat returns to join that sorry fleet upon the murky waters. See! The sea begins to moan; the sea is rising and the wind grows bleak and rough; the sun is gone and the scudding clouds close in like Final Judgment . . . Choose, Woman, ere the restless ocean and the night take back your child. For the last time, Woman, before the ship returns . . . *Will you take your son?*

(*Her voice is deep with finality. The baby begins to cry in muffled, choked tones, gaspingly. The wind rises mournfully. The tolling of the distant bell grows louder and louder. Then it fades, leaving only the gasping, crowing crying of the infant, alone in the silence. A door opens and closes—and a nurse speaks, genially.*)

NURSE: Hello? Awake?

THE WOMAN: Yes . . . I . . . I'm awake.

NURSE: Well, then! It's a boy! We've just finger and footprinted him. A blue-eyed, bouncing boy! But then, they all bounce. And he looks exactly like you.

THE WOMAN: A . . . little . . . boy . . . ?

NURSE: Yes—with extra capacity lungs. Just listen to him yell . . . Do you feel strong enough now? I mean . . . will you take your son, now?

THE WOMAN: (*There is a kind of triumph and exaltation in her voice as she holds her arms oui toward the nurse*) Yes . . . yes . . . *yes! Give me my son!*

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

1. Pleistocene. 2. Trefoil. 3. Catenary. 4. Muskellunge. 5. Grotesqueries. 6. Sibilant. 7. Recalcitrance. 8. Antithesis. 9. Gristle. 10. Ineffable. 11. Opossum. 12. Trellis. 13. Surlily. 14. Vexatious. 15. Unlikeliest. 16. Irascibility. 17. Atoll. 18. Corral. 19. Querying. 20. Unintelligible. 21. Knout. 22. Roundelay. 23. Dory. 24. Fawner. 25. Abattoir.

Betty and Bob

(*Continued from page 22*)

her inheritance. It was Gardenia, their faithful housekeeper, who gave her the idea one afternoon while straightening up Betty's closet.

"You know, Mis' Betty, your dresses are the nicest I've ever seen. You certainly have a fine taste for clothes."

"Yes, Gardenia, I've always wished I could open up a dress shop of my own." Suddenly she stopped. "Gardenia, that's it!"

"What, Mis' Betty?"

"I'll take my inheritance and open a little shop. I know I can make a success of it."

Her mind made up, she set out to find a suitable location. But day after day found her searching in vain. One store was too big, another too small. Many were beyond redecorating, or were in the wrong part of town. Gradually it began to look like a hopeless search.

IT was a week later when she accepted an invitation to have luncheon with Harvey Drew. Sitting across the table from him, she told him of her ideas, and plans, and her hopeless search.

"Say," he exclaimed, "maybe I can help. There's a little dress shop adjoining one of my hotels. It's a cute little place, and, I should think, a good location. But the old man who's running it isn't making much of a go. I think he'd like to sell. Why don't we drop over and see him?"

Somehow, Betty knew the minute she walked in the door that this little shop was just what she'd been looking for. She saw too, that the reason for the old man's failure was his out-of-date stock. But she went through the store with an eagle eye. Harvey chuckled at her shrewd business sense as she found every flaw, and bargained accordingly.

THE days seemed to fly by. There was painting and redecorating to be done, drapes to be selected, a few additional pieces of furniture. Then, a hurried trip to New York. Betty made this trip herself because she wanted to select all her own stock. She drove hard bargains, but since she had determined to pay cash for everything, she used most all of her capital. Seated on the train coming home she realized now that the shop had to be a success. And although this thought caused a little anxiety, she still felt certain the dresses she had selected would assure her a substantial reputation.

Back home she plunged once more into her task, finally setting a date for the opening; the first week of April, just two weeks away. But the very next day she received a call from Dr. Warren. All the way over to the hospital a thousand thoughts kept racing through her mind. They hadn't let her see Bob before, why did they send for her now? Was Bob worse?

Dr. Warren paused before leading the way into Bob's room.

"No, Mrs. Drake, Bob has improved. He's been calling for you. But remember, his mind is still very weak. The slightest excitement might undo all our work, might even retard him beyond our help. You must be very careful of what you say."

Betty nodded, and Dr. Warren opened the door. Bob's eyes were the first thing she saw. They were dull and lifeless, but as he saw her, they seemed to light up.

"Betty." She ran to him, threw herself in his arms. For a moment she just held him tight, neither of them saying a word.

"Betty, darling, all the trouble I've caused you."

Betty put her finger over his lips. "Don't, Bob, the past is gone."

YES. Oh, darling, I'll make it up to you." He frowned. "It all seems like some horrible nightmare . . . the divorce." He looked at her anxiously. "Tell me, darling, the divorce was a nightmare too."

"Yes, Bob."

She looked up as the nurse entered the room.

"Telephone for you, Mrs. Drake. Someone from the dress shop who says it's very important."

Betty frowned. Something had gone wrong! She knew it. But she couldn't go to the phone now. "Tell them I'll be there shortly."

As the nurse left the room Bob's



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pale face knitted into a frown. "Dress shop, Betty? Whose dress shop?"

"I . . . A friend of mine, she's opening a dress shop, and . . . and I've been helping her."

Bob smiled wanly. "Oh, I thought maybe you were working. I couldn't bear to have you working, Betty. You're my wife, and I can support you."

"Of course, Bob."

"I'm glad you have something to interest you, though."

"Don't worry about me, Bob. There's Jane and George, and now and then Harvey takes me to a . . ." She stopped. Oh, what had she said?

Bob's smile faded. "Harvey? Harvey Drew? Isn't that the stuffed shirt you met last fall?"

"Bob, darling, don't imagine things." Oh, why couldn't she call back her words?

NOW that I think of it, that guy managed to be in Miami when you were there!" Bob rose up in bed, his voice shrill, his hand shaking from nervousness and excitement. "How could I have been so blind?"

Suddenly he gave a little cough. For a second he seemed to hang there, his face a picture of pain. Then, slowly he closed his eyes and settled back against the pillows. Betty's heart pounded fiercely. "Bob! Bob, darling!"

Dr. Warren rushed to his side, began a swift examination. To Betty he only addressed three words. "Get the nurse."

An hour later, Betty climbed wearily out of a taxi in front of the shop. Bob had suffered a relapse, and it was all her fault, her fault. She wanted to cry, but somehow, could not. Oh Bob, why can't you understand? Why must you always be so quick to jump at conclusions? But as she opened the door of the shop she saw Jane talking to Harvey, and realized she must steel herself to meet another crisis.

"Betty, there's been a big strike in New York. All dress shipments have been tied up!" Jane excitedly said.

"You mean my shipment won't . . ."

"Yes, oh Betty, you'll have to postpone your opening."

"But I can't." She sat down heavily. "All the announcements have been mailed." She turned to Harvey. "Harvey, what shall I do?"

"There's nothing you can do, except go ahead with all your plans, and hope the strike will be settled in time."

Betty nodded slowly. Yes, there was still a great deal to be done. Everything had to be perfect, the shop had to be a success. Everything depended on that shop.

In the days that followed, Betty worked untiringly from early morning till late at night. But even in those hectic days, too busy to think of anything but the shop, too busy even to think of Bob, she gradually realized that Harvey Drew's friendship was like a mighty Gibraltar on the edge of some turbulent sea. His strong, clear thoughts and advice seemed the only stable, steadying influence in her life. Always when things seemed hopelessly jumbled in her mind, Harvey's quiet counsel would take her out of the maze, put her on the right path again.

THE lights in the back of the little shop were the only ones burning. The last customer had gone, the last



WELCOME BACK—Maxine Gray rejoins the Hal Kemp crew after a serious automobile accident.

of hundreds who had milled through the doors since early morning. Betty sat down heavily in a chair, and Harvey leaned against the desk.

"See, what did I tell you? The strike was settled, the shipment came in right under the wire, and your opening was a grand success."

"Yes." Betty smiled weakly.

"What's the matter?"

"Just tired." She sighed heavily. "I'm happy and tired, and I feel like I could sleep for days."

Harvey laughed. "Sure, but first you're going to eat. You haven't had a thing all day. We'll go to some quiet little spot and I'll see to it that you eat something."

"But Harvey, I'll be awfully poor company."

"You're never that." He bundled her in her coat.

"But I don't feel like talking."

He turned out the lights, led her toward the doorway. "You don't have to talk. I'll do the talking."

As she leaned back against the deep cushions at Harvey's side, she suddenly compared him to Bob. Quiet, steady, dependable Harvey: Bob was seldom that. Harvey was a sheltering wing, complete within himself, too strong to be upset by trifles or impulses of the moment. Bob had great strength of character, yet he was so impulsive. Life with him was so unsteady, uncertain. But Bob was her husband, and she loved him. . . . No. Suddenly she realized, he was no longer her husband, they were divorced. But she loved him. Then, for the first time, she suddenly wondered about that too. What was love? A subtle something, a quick beat of the heart, a feeling of oneness. But it was so indefinable; could her love for Bob have been an hallucination, a powerful certainty of her imagination? And this warm glow of relaxation she felt at Harvey's side, this ultimate sense of peace. Could that be . . . love?

Have divorce and separation at last killed Betty's love for Bob—and can she remain faithful in spite of them? Next month brings a new complication to this fast-moving story of modern marriage, adapted from one of radio's best-loved serial dramas. Don't miss the next instalment, in the September issue of RADIO MIRROR.

The Story of Music

(*Continued from page 27*)

road it traveled.

And music traveled quite a road! Ancient Egypt was among the earliest nations to make rules for music, refining the more primitive expression of older peoples into an orderly, shapely pattern. Music was an honored profession in Egypt as far back as 3000 B. C. The Priest class furnished the nation's singers, and there were orchestras of over six hundred players (harps, lutes, flutes, lyres and bells)—which was doing things on a pretty decent scale, when you consider that Toscanini has to worry along with about a hundred men. Egyptian kings, the Pharoahs, had singers, players, and choruses. Cleopatra, floating down the Nile in her barge, bade her minions to say it with music. Those queer, sidewise people on the old Egyptian friezes are singing, playing, telling the world that music was part of the scheme of life.

CLOSER to to-day in point of feeling was the music of the Hebrews. The traditional Hebrew chants are still alive and can be heard in the synagogue services. And everyone who reads his Old Testament knows that references to music abound there. Jubal was the first Hebrew singer on record; Moses "sang unto Jehovah;" Miriam played her own accompaniments (on the timbrel); and David, sweetest of singers, made the Psalms and "smote the harp."

The Greeks had a word for it, too. It is their word, indeed, that gives music its name, deriving from the name of Jupiter's nine daughters, the *Muses*. Music meant much to the Greeks, and the greatest influence comes from them. In their religion, Pan played his pipes and pan-icked the wood-nymphs. Apollo, the sun god, was also the god of music. On a more human level, Orpheus sang so wonderfully that he calmed down the wild beasts. Music was part of the Olympic Games, though not among the sports competitions; and the laws of the state "soaked the rich" by ordering the wealthy citizens to provide the chorus for the Greek theater. Pythagoras invented the mathematical system of intervals by which our own pianos and orchestras are tuned to-day. And Greece was the first country to write down notes in musical notation.

NEXT came the Romans. Although these Romans are the ancestors of the "musical Italians" (who contributed most to the development of church music and, later, of the opera), they were not especially musical themselves. They were a nation of war-makers, law-givers, builders, and business-men. The business instinct shows up in the way they treated their vanquished. When they conquered the Greeks, they had the sense not to suppress them. Instead, they learned from them; they took over Greek art and culture, and a more gracious way of living. Much of our culture to-day is the Roman preservation of things that originated in Greece. The Arabs, finally, gave music a more poetic coloring. They mingled personal emotion (love songs), and a poetic, flowery form of expression with the rugged songs of war, joy, religion, and patriotism.

AFTER the days of ancient Greece and Rome, the earliest and finest European music was fostered by the Roman Catholic Church. Only the monks could write notes, and the monks made the only formal music, in the service of the Mass. For years, music belonged to the church. St. Ignatius introduced choirs of trained voices into the service. St. Cecilia is said to have invented the organ. St. Ambrose worked out a strict system of forms, and Pope Gregory elaborated them in the celebrated Gregorian Chant, which is still heard to-day all over the world.

But while the monks were writing down notes and developing formal music, the people themselves were enriching their lives with a popular music of their own. The people's music was not written down. It was transmitted entirely by word of mouth, by special singers, who were either attached to some court, or traveled around singing for pay.

These special singers had different names, all of them bound up with things we know to-day. The min-

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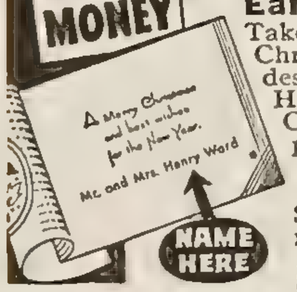
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strels, with their harps slung behind them, went from place to place telling the sort of news that we get from newspapers and radio, and singing of well-known events that had been news before they became history. The bards sang of historic deeds and of great kings, stirring up patriotism. The great Eisteddfod song contest in present-day Wales follows directly the songs of the bards. Further north, the Norse sagamen sang of the valor of their gods and goddesses—Wodin, Thor, Logi, Fricka, who are the same personages that people Wagner's operas. Traveling south, now, the German minnesingers and mastersingers celebrated love and beauty in songs of strict form—and the clearest picture we have of the mastersingers, what they did and how they did it, is to be found in the libretto of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger.* In France, the minstrel singer celebrated deeds of valor in the famous *chansons de geste,* while the troubadours sang of love, reflecting the poetry they had learned from the Arabs during the Crusades.

BESIDES the music made by these professional singers, songs grew up with the plain, every-day people who were busy at the game of music, too. It is from the people that the folk songs spring, celebrating neither church rites nor historic events, but telling in simple fashion of the nation's daily life. Lullabies, carols, dance airs, songs for games, trade songs, songs that tell of the love of home and family all developed with the people, paralleling the development of our own negro songs. It has been said that America has no real folk music of her own, and you can see why; at the time that the folk music of other lands was growing our country had not been discovered; and when the first settlers came here, they brought their own tunes—folk tunes like *Farmer in the Dell* or *London Bridge.*

In 1455 something happened that revolutionized the life of music. Gutenberg invented the printing press. With that, modern life began. Writing was no longer confined to the learned few. Books could be turned out in numbers. Knowledge could be brought to the people. The doors were opened to a new blaze of light. The Renaissance—the rebirth of human activity—had come. Music, too, was put on a new plane. No longer dependent upon church-copying or word-of-mouth tradition, it began to reach out. People could *see* music, study it. And those who were interested did just that. Tradition gave way to individual discovery and effort, and individual composers began to appear.

Important among these is Martin Luther, the German who set out to reform certain things in the Church, and ended up by establishing a new religion of his own. Luther wrote hymns and chorales, to replace the Mass, and popularized music by making the congregation sing during the service.

After Luther, the most notable of the early individual composers came out of Italy. The greatest of these was Palestrina, chapel master of the Julia Chapel in the Vatican (1551), and the first Italian to compose new Masses for the Pope. Palestrina's friend, Saint Filippo Neri, a priest, held meetings in the chapel or *oratory* of his church, where scenes from the Bible were enacted to music. Thus began the *Oratorio* (the greatest of which form, perhaps, is the *Messiah,* which gave us the *Banana* song!) Born in the Church this combination of dramatic action, plus singing, became the forerunner of opera.

Which brings us to that point in the middle 1500's when music had emerged from ancient forms and group-control, and began making ready for the arrival of the giants. For about a hundred years more things happened swiftly. While limits of space make it impossible to touch on *all* the individuals who developed music, certain names stand out.

In Italy, Monteverde, of Cremona, originated the style of writing that we take for granted to-day—melody plus accompaniment. Also, life must have begun at forty for that gentleman, since that was the age at which he took to writing operas (around 1607). He composed for an orchestra of forty pieces, which gives an idea of the instruments of that day—clavichord, organ, bass viol, viola, tiny violins (that could be carried in the pocket!), ordinary violins, lutes, trumpets, cornets, flutes, and oboes. Alessandro Scarlatti was also among the earliest to write different types of music, composing pieces for the spinet, symphonies, sonatas, suites, concertos, 125 operas, and over 500 pieces of church music. Frescobaldi developed the organ (although the greatest organ music was destined to come later, out of Germany, with Bach).

In France, opera was fairly established by 1670 and developed further with Lully, a favorite of Louis XIV. France also helped develop the clavecin and harpsichord (forerunners of the piano).

In England, the "big names" included William Byrd, Orlando Gibbons, Thomas Morley (who wrote the music for some of the songs in Shakespeare's plays), Henry Lawes (who furnished the music for Milton's *Comus*), and Milton's own father. Instrumental music was making headway here, too, with the virginal (or spinet, also a forerunner of the piano), and one of the composers to write for it was Dr. John Bull!

YOU will see that the hundred years after 1550 mark the beginning of music written, *especially* for instruments. Prior to that time, music was chiefly sung, to accompaniment. Instrumental music began to flourish in the 1600's—for the excellent reason that this was when the instruments themselves were being perfected.

The development of the violin reached its height in the early 1700's, with the families of Amati, Guarneri, and Stradivari, in Cremona. These artist-artisans made a life-work of violin-building, and their creations have never been surpassed. Spinets, clavichords, harpsichords, and organs were also developing, and presently the musical folk began to reach out and turn their attention to the possibilities of these instruments.

With music freed of its swaddling clothes, with individual composers bringing highly personalized gifts to its service, and with instruments being perfected and clamoring for use, we reach the beginning of the age of giants. These giants—the first and greatest of which, perhaps, is Johann Sebastian Bach—gave names to their works that are still used to-day.

In the beginning, a *sonata* meant any music that was played (or *sound-*

ed) on an instrument instead of being sung. (Vocal pieces were called *cantatas* and the word is still used in church music.) Later, a sonata came to mean a piece played by one instrument and divided into three or four different chapters called movements. Each movement tells its own story and sets its own mood, of joy, passion, storminess or fun; and they all fit together like the plot-sections in an Edna Ferber novelette. *Concertos* are sonatas for solo instrument plus orchestral accompaniment. *Quartets* are music-stories written for four instruments and also divided into chapter-movements. *Trios* are the same for three instruments; *quintets*, for five.

A *fugue* is a piece that balances two or more complete themes against each other, like jugglers' balls, and all are intricately blended so as to sound at the same time without confusion. *Gigues* (or plain jigs), *sarabandes*, and *minuets* are old dance forms.

A symphony is a four-chapter story for full orchestra, and all the different instruments add their special color to its telling. The *sym* in the word is the same *sym* you find in *sympathy*, and means *together*. People who are in sympathy feel together. The men in a symphony orchestra play harmoniously together.

Thus, with the forms set and the composers ready to begin, the curtain rises on the Great Age of Music.

What great composers used to eat with the hired help? What composer lost a good job because he wouldn't marry the boss' daughter? Who composed music at the age of four for a game? You'll find the answers to these questions, and many more, in the second of these entertaining and informative articles, coming in the September issue.

Even in the summer months, there is a wealth of good music on the air for the listener who knows where to look for it. Following is a list, as complete and accurate as it is possible to make it, of the weekly broadcasts you can listen to during the month of July. All time notations are in Eastern Daylight Saving time, and all are P.M. unless marked otherwise.

Radio City Music Hall: NBC-Blue, Sundays at 12:30.

Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir: CBS, Sundays at 12:30.

Everybody's Music, Howard Barlow conducting: CBS, Sundays at 3:00.

New York Stadium Concerts: CBS, Sundays at 8:30.

Columbia Concert Hall: CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays at 5.00.

Voice of Firestone: NBC-Red, Mondays at 8:30.

Boston Pop Concert: NBC-Blue, Wednesdays at 9:30.

Toronto Prom Concert: NBC-Blue, Thursdays at 9:00.

Essays in Music, Victor Bay conducting: CBS, Thursdays at 10.00.

Cities Service Concert: NBC-Blue, Fridays at 9:00.

Robin Hood Dell Concert: MBS, Saturdays at 8:15.

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Happy Birthday to You

(*Continued from page 30*)

he said. There was something shamefaced about this young man, something a little like the look of a small boy who has just been caught in the jam closet.

"I don't know," Addie answered Drena's question. "*I* didn't tell him," she added unconvincingly.

"Yes she did," Joe said. "I asked her."

Drena smiled at him—but back of the smile there was a shadow of uneasiness. "I'm glad she did. I was wondering why you hadn't sent me a birthday card, Joe."

With a mumbled, "Guess I'll go by subway after all," Addie scuttled off down the street, and Joe and Drena were alone.

"Like to walk a ways?" he suggested, and she nodded her head. "Maybe go somewhere and get something to eat?"

"I'd like to, but I have to get right home."

"OH." He was looking down at his shoes as he walked—old shoes, unshined for several days, and with the leather wearing away at the toes. "Drena—Addie called me this afternoon. She—told me what you're planning to do."

He stopped, waiting for her to say something, but her only answer was a tide of pink that mounted in her cheeks and then ebbed suddenly away; and he went on: "You know I'd be the last guy in the world to stand in the way of your happiness—and I know I haven't got much of a right to say anything about it—and I wouldn't if I thought you really loved him. . . ."

"Don't, Joe—you're making it so—"

"But you can't love him! You just *can't!*"

Drena took a deep breath. "I've known George all my life—he's—" she began.

But Joe rushed on desperately. "Listen, Drena, you know the time we took the boat ride out to Sandy Hook—how we sat out on the deck and talked about our ambitions—"

"I was going to be a great singer," she said. "Get into opera, and the movies."

"And I was going to have the whole world listening to my music." He laughed, but somehow there was no defeat in his laughter; it was still exultant, hopeful.

"Well," she said, "things haven't worked out that way. And now it's time to grow up."

"You're sure you aren't mixed up, Drena? You're not saying 'grown up' when you really mean 'quitter'?"

"Oh, maybe I am quitting," she said wearily. "But you've still got your chance—and as for me—well, what a girl wants is a home and—security."

"Look," he said timidly. "Look, Drena. I've got a sort of birthday present for you—a couple of tickets to Sandy Hook, just for old time's sake."

She looked at the two bits of pasteboard in his hand, and as she looked, her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Joe—please!" was all she said.

"Won't you come?"

"Please, let's not start it all over again," she begged, turning away so passers-by wouldn't see her eyes. "Let's not hurt each other any more. It's all so useless!"

"But not if you'd wait, Drena—just a little while. I love you and you love me, and everything'll be okay if you'll only wait."

She shook her head. "Great musicians don't marry young, Joe—I want you to be a great success, and you'd never be one if you married me now. You need somebody different—somebody with character, that'll inspire you, and help you. . . ."

"Sure, sure," he broke in roughly. "Pretty speech number twelve: letting the boy down easy. All right. Let's say goodby, then."

"But—but won't we ever see each other again?"

"Sure. When you're rich and I'm famous. Here." He thrust the two tickets into her unresisting fingers. "Maybe you and George would like to take a run to Sandy Hook tonight." Then, with quick strides, he was gone.

"Joe," she whispered after him. "Oh, Joe—I'm so sorry. . . ."

She tried to throw the tickets into the gutter, but somehow she couldn't. Instead, she tucked them far down into the pocket of her handbag. She could at least keep Joe's birthday present to her, couldn't she?

Addie was home before her, of course, and George was there too. She found them in the tiny living-room of the flat, sitting stiffly on the edges of their chairs. George jumped up as Drena came in.

"Drena! Where've you been? We were worried about you."

"I'm sorry," she smiled. "But I knew Addie'd entertain you."

"Oh no," Addie said, "George entertained *me*. I've found out the most fascinating things about triple hydration and neutralizing the Mojave desert—or something. Get a load of it while I dish up supper."

WITH Addie in the kitchen, George led Drena over to the worn sofa. "Where were you?" he repeated, with a gentleness that failed to hide the irritation in his voice. "You really shouldn't have kept us waiting so long."

"I didn't realize—" Drena began meekly.

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," he said. He was still holding her hand, patting it rhythmically in a way that made Drena want to scream. But— Don't be silly, she admonished herself. It's just nerves, that's all.

"Drena," he said softly, "aren't you going to tell me?"

She was so tired. Why couldn't he wait until after dinner? But then she softened. After all, it *was* nice of him to be so anxious.

"I think you're fine, George—good—and solid and—well, if you still want me, the answer's yes."

At once he began to babble. There was no other word for it. She felt his arms around her, but it was as if they were really around some other person. And then she heard him say, "Oh Drena, it's wonderful—I *thought* you'd say yes, but I wanted to hear it."

Suddenly she started to cry. The tears came without any warning, giving her no time to fight them down. No time to remember how hard George would try to make her happy. And the thought that she wasn't acting properly for a newly engaged girl made her cry the harder. She tore herself from George's arms and rushed

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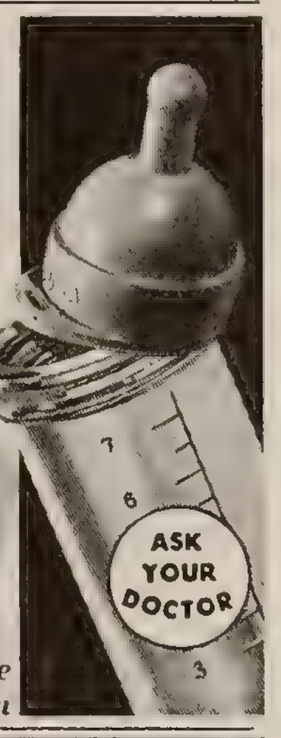
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into the bedroom just as Addie emerged from the kitchen.

"Now what?" Addie asked.

"I don't know," George said. "She just said she'd marry me, and then began to cry."

"Probably so happy she just couldn't hold in," Addie said dryly.

"Do you suppose that's really it?"

Addie looked at him for a long minute. Then she said, "Yes, I bet that was the reason, mostly. But you know, George, there was another reason, too, and I think I ought to tell you. You really hurt Drena today, George."

"I hurt her? How?"

"Well, I'll tell you." She came closer to him and spoke in a low voice. . . .

Ten minutes later nothing but a slight mistiness about Drena's eyes remained to tell of her tears. The storm was over, forgotten. And she told herself it would never happen again. She was going to be a good wife to George. She began right then and there by apologizing, by begging him to forget that she'd been such a little fool.

George forgave her.

Happiness made George talkative, and since he talked best on the subject of triple hydration in the Mojave desert, he had been discussing this subject at some length when the telephone rang.

"Want to answer that, Drena?" asked Addie. "My feet hurt."

"Is this Miss Drena Williams?" There was something sickeningly familiar to Drena in the voice of the girl at the other end of the wire.

"Yes."

THE voice then broke into song—that same rocking-chair song that haunted all Drena's waking and sleeping moments. "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday, dear Drena, happy birthday to you. . . . Signed, your loving fiancé, George."

Drena slammed the receiver back on the hook. Then she turned to face a beaming George, a no less beaming Addie.

"Did you do that, George Walters?" she demanded fiercely. "Is that your idea of thoughtfulness? Did you send me—*me*—a singing telegram?"

"Why—yes." George's beam faded.

Drena said, "Addie, will you entertain George for the rest of the evening?"

"*Will* I!"

"Let him talk about triple hydration—let him talk about himself—let him send *you* a singing telegram! I've got a date!"

"Drena! You don't know what you're saying! A date? Where?"

Drena grabbed her hat, coat and bag, stood for a moment by the door. Her face was lit up, her eyes dancing. "With," she said, "a Sandy Hook steamboat! Happy Birthday!"

The door slammed. Addie looked at George and George looked at Addie.

"Well, who'd have thought she'd take it like that!" she breathed. "But you know, George, Drena is awful funny sometimes. Maybe it's a good thing."

Looking at his stricken face, she felt a pang of conscience over the trick she'd played on him. But he wouldn't ever have been happy with a girl who didn't love him or appreciate him. What George needed was the motherly type—a girl who loved him for his good, honest qualities, and didn't mind how much he talked about himself.

"Like," thought Addie happily, "me."

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DEW is kind to your skin and easy to use. DEW is the choice of smart women who want the poise, the charm, the assurance that come from freedom from perspiration odor. Ask for DEW today at drug stores, toilet goods counters, 10¢ stores. Three sizes: 10¢, 25¢, 50¢. *DEW will keep your secret.*

INSTANT dew DEODORANT Stops Perspiration



EARN CHRISTMAS CASH

Show friends, others my different kind of Christmas Cards. Make extra money. My big line pleases everybody. Gorgeous new Christmas, Everyday folders, Gift Wrappings. Retail $1 and less—pay you up to 100% profit. No experience needed! Start your earnings now. Write for **Free Sample Offer.**

CHAS. C. SCHWER, Dept. F-18, Westfield, Mass.

Now! $ FREE Sample Offer



Corns come back

BIGGER—UGLIER

unless removed Root* and All

DON'T take the risk of home paring or other old-fashioned methods—don't suffer needlessly from painful corns that keep coming back bigger and uglier. Now you can remove them quickly—safely—easily—root and all! Blue-Jay, the modern double-action corn plaster stops pain instantly, by removing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is tiny. Easy to use. 25¢ for a package of 6. Same price in Canada. At all drug and department stores.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

LONG LASTING • FAST DRYING CURLS



Now! A special lotion for use with any hair curler, bobby pin, or clip. Easy to use, not sticky or greasy. Makes long lasting, fast-drying curls even in damp weather. Get Wildroot Curling Lotion Today!

10¢ at all drug counters

NEW WILDROOT CURLING LOTION

Cash Quick! SELL Christmas Cards

Show popular exclusive 21-card $1 Christmas Assortment and make 50c on each sale. Four other assortments, Personal Cards, with name, sell fast, pay big. Write for samples at once.
Waltham Art Publishers, Dept. 130
160 N. Washington St., Boston, Mass. FREE SAMPLE OFFER

STUDY THE ADS AND MAKE $2.00
See details on page 67 of this magazine.



TRAIN FOR ELECTRICITY
IN BIG CHICAGO COYNE SHOPS
All practical work on real electrical machinery and equipment. No advanced education or experience needed. Lifetime employment help after graduation.
LEARN BY DOING 12 WEEKS TRAINING
Write for details of how many earn while learning, and my Plans to help you get training. H. C. Lewis, Pres., Coyne Electrical School, Dept. C8-64, 500 S. Paulina St., Chicago.

ASTHMATICS! When you Gasp for Breath..

Try inhaling the aromatic fumes of Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. Thousands of asthmatic sufferers look for ready relief from this simple treatment. Discovered 70 years ago, ASTHMADOR has been perfected by 3 generations, and is compounded of selected ingredients in a scientific laboratory. No wonder it is a favorite in many lands. Find out how ASTHMADOR can bring you relief. At your druggist. In powder, cigarette and pipe mixture form. Or send for *free* trial supply of all three.
R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Cal., Dept. M

Included FREE of extra charge

Your choice of Man's or Lady's Wrist Watch FREE with every Ring ordered during this SALE and paid for on our easy monthly plan. Lady's or Man's Ring, with simulated diamond that you'd think cost at least $200. Nothing extra for the watch. It's included FREE. Ladies 1939 dainty model. Men's "Shockproof" military wrist watch-gold plate front—with all the color and charm of natural yellow gold; Jeweled; Guaranteed by $1,000,000 FACTORY. Send NO Money, make only two monthly $2 payments (total $4). WE TRUST YOU—your package comes AT ONCE by Return mail.



GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO.
Dept. CA-388, Newton, Mass.
Rush offer by RETURN MAIL—all postage paid to my door.
☐ Ladies' Model ☐ Men's Model
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 8*)

coupon on the tail end of this column to vote for your favorite.

* * *

It was exactly twenty years ago in Tyrone, Pa., that Fred and Tom Waring, frog-throated Poley McClintock, and Fred Buck organized a band that consisted of two banjos, a piano, and drums.

Two decades is a long time to be in the band business. But Fred Waring isn't ready to throw in the towel—yet. Off the air in 1937, the thirty-eight-year-old conductor insists he'll be back in the radio picture this fall.

"You don't think I've been grooming all these youngsters for the laughs, do you?" he asks, and points to Donna Dae, Ethlyn Williams, Virginia Lindquist, Jane Wilson, Dude and Jack Skiles and Betty Atkinson—and the other young Pennsylvanians who comprise his new unit.

Fred has been trying these kids out during an extended tour. Some have clicked. Others? A pat on the back and money to get home.

Pretty Virginia Lindquist came from Kansas City. Fred listened to her; decided she needed more training. Right now she's answering the switchboard in Waring's New York office. But "Ginny" is not discouraged. She knows the Lane sisters spent a good month addressing envelopes, before they faced a microphone.

Waring saw sixteen-year-old Donna Dae in Texas when she was a hoofer. Now, after months of practice, she's the band's most promising swing contralto. Betty Atkinson was drum major of the University of Southern California. With Fred she's learning the ropes as a tap dancer. Scotty Bates, the band's new comic, was rushed out of a Los Angeles theater by keen-eyed Waring. Scotty was an usher. But he reminded Waring of apple-cheeked Johnny Davis, and Waring knew he could develop Scotty into a star.

In Ohio, Fred ran across Jane Wilson. She swooned the first time she faced an audience. Fred promptly stuck her in the Glee Club. Now Jane is used to the crowd and is taking solo numbers again.

And Ethlyn Williams from Tacoma, Washington, realized she had the soft, soothing contralto voice that Waring was seeking, but lacked the fire that is found in real troupers.

When the applause was only mild in Salt Lake City, Fred yanked her purposely. He wanted to see if it would make the girl fighting mad. It did. In Atlanta the girl was doing encores. In Richmond she was billed.

But you can judge Fred's new band for yourself this fall when it goes on the air in a new commercial series—at a salary of $10,000 per week.

* * *

KEEP YOUR EARS TUNED TO

BEA WAIN—Larry Clinton's vocalist and Andre Baruch's bride. Bea manages to make each lyric intelligible and easy on the ears.

BOB HOWARD—A streamlined "Fats" Waller who nearly wrecks the keyboard as he scats across the ether waves.

* * *

Jan Garber, "Idol of the Airlanes," who is now heard with Burns and Allen, says the reason he hasn't been east for so long is because his band has been kept very busy on the Hollywood front.

A sentimental gentleman, Jan has been wafting melodies across the country for twenty-one years; has one musician who joined him two decades ago, and let saxophonist Freddy Large write his theme song, "My Dear," because the saxophonist used his beautiful wife for the inspiration. Jan is definitely anti-swing. He explains why:

"When you play music over the air it should be restful."

* * *

Musicians' working hours are usually from seven p.m. to three o'clock in the morning. Their daytime hours are usually their own. So most any sunny afternoon you'll find Russ Morgan, Al Donahue, Kay Kyser, Al Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Freddy Martin, and Guy Lombardo clustered behind third base at Yankee Stadium, Wrigley Field, Comiskey Park or the Polo Grounds, munching peanuts and yelling for Joe DiMaggio or Gabby Hartnett to soak one.

But it remained for Al Donahue, suave maestro of the Rainbow Room, to actually participate in the Great American Pastime. When his band was down south recently, the boys practised batting and fielding diligently, beat a team of newspaper men. They call the team Boston's D's, and Al hit .525.

* * *

YOU'LL FIND:

Guy Lombardo playing in the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria . . . Buddy Rogers and his swing band making a safari to South America sometime in September. Buddy will probably take with him his new sixteen-year-old vocalist, Marvel Maxwell, whom Rogers discovered in Indianapolis recently, plugging songs in a five-and-ten-cent store . . . That Ben Cutler is really one of the few leaders who can sing negro spirituals. When he went to Yale Ben sang with the college glee club . . . Casa Loma set to replace Jan Garber on the Burns and Allen funfest . . . Jane Froman devoting most of her time to painting the spacious terrace of her swank New York penthouse . . . That Dave Rubinoff has completely recovered from his very serious illness . . . Maxine Sullivan set for her first picture—Paramount's "St. Louis Blues" . . . Abe Lyman at Chicago's Chez Paree, Orrin Tucker at the Windy City's Edgewater Beach Hotel, and the Palmer House in that city rotating Eddy Duchin, Pancho, Guy Lombardo, and Wayne King . . . But because of union trouble, none of these bands will air over the major networks.

* * *

OFF THE RECORD

SOME LIKE IT SWEET—

At Your Beck and Call; Please Be Kind (Decca DLA1193). Frances Lang-

COOKING TRICKS FOR THE MODEST BUDGET

Everyday foods planned to fit the most modest budget can be made tempting and exciting by simple little recipe tricks. Ida Bailey Allen's Service Cook Book No. 2 is filled with just such tricks, and available to readers of this magazine for only 20c.

196 pages, in big clear type

Spiral-type stiff-cover binding.

Lies flat on the table.

Thumbnail Index makes every recipe easy to find.

Helpful information on measures, diets, menus.

20¢ POST PAID

Send stamps or coins (wrap securely) to

READERS' SERVICE BUREAU

RADIO MIRROR

205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Many Never Suspect Cause of BACKACHE

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

ford—A real good vocalist possesses a natural rhythm, excellent voice quality, and good diction. Frances Langford has all these abilities. Enough said.

Moments Like This; I Can't Face the Music (Brunswick B22611). Teddy Wilson's Orchestra—CBS' Nan Wynn joins the big parade of musical stylists led by Mildred Bailey and Maxine Sullivan, and turns out a fetching platter of the moanin' low school. That Wilson piano deserves an individual twenty-one gun salute.

Cry Baby, Cry; Something Tells Me (Brunswick B22671). Kay Kyser—Terry Shand's latest tune is right down Kay Kyser's alley, especially when Saucy Sully Mason is singing in it. The staccato brass keeps things moving merrily.

Isn't It Wonderful; Moonlight Over Kentucky (Brunswick LA1615). Eddy Duchin—Danceable Duchin with the master tickling the ivories and making them like it.

You Had an Ev'ning to Spare; So Little Time (Bluebird B-7540-B). Blue Barron—The road company Sammy Kaye turns out a palatable package that will make the original wince. Try the blindfold test on Kyser, Kaye, and Blue Barron and see what happens.

Where Have We Met Before; Let Me Whisper (Victor 25818 A). Guy Lombardo—Typical Lombardo, but then that's the way millions of us want our music, typically Lombardo. Fair warning: Carmen sings the vocals.

You Leave Me Breathless; Says My Heart (Bluebird B-7528-A). Ozzie Nelson—Two tunes from "College Humor" find Harriet Hilliard and Hubby Ozzie singing the vocals in their amazingly monotone fashion. Good rhythm, though.

SOME LIKE IT SWING—

Who Do You Think I Saw Last Night; Stolen Heaven (Victor 25829B). Larry Clinton—The newest rhythmic threat to Messrs Goodman, Dorsey, etc., edges a little closer to the top with this rendition. Vocalist Bea Wain is the outstanding record soloist of the month.

That Feeling Is Gone; Lullaby in Rhythm (Victor 25827A). Benny Goodman—A Goodman goody, despite the noticeable absence of Mister Krupa. Martha Tilton rates a low bow from this corner.

Stop! and Reconsider; Week-end of a Private Secretary (Decca 63497). Jimmy Dorsey—The kind of swing that makes you believe in its posterity. The melody is never forgotten and the orchestration intricate. All around good work. P.S.—The cruise cantata of the steno contains spicy lyrics everyone will be trying to remember.

My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean; Malady in F Minor (Decca 63338). Casa Loma. Casa Loma's brass section brings Bonnie back with a bang. Sonny Dunham's number sacrifices melody for malady and gets away with it.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

My favorite orchestra is .....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

.....



Easy to Beautify Skin with

MERCOLIZED *Wax* CREAM

Make your skin young looking. Flake off the stale, surface skin. Reveal the clear, beautiful underskin by using Mercolized Wax Cream regularly. Give your skin the combined benefits of cleansing, clearing, softening, smoothing and beautifying in every application of this single cream. Mercolized Wax Cream brings out the hidden beauty of the skin.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.

Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

STUDY THE ADS AND MAKE $2.00

See details on Page 67 of this magazine.



New! Magnified! Lifelike!

PHOTO RING

NEWEST SENSATION! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this beautiful onyx like ring. (Photos returned.) Indestructible! Waterproof!

SEND NO MONEY

50c

(Expertly painted 25c extra)

Featuring the New Improved Magnified Setting!

(Canadian Orders Must Send Cash)

Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 50c we will pay postage. PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. M-21, 626 Vine Street, Cincinnati, O.

MILLIONS ALWAYS WEAR



—At Hosiery Counters 20¢ PAIR



romance and body odors don't mix!

use ***Hush*** and be Sure

Men love personal daintiness in girls . . . so don't risk offending. After every bath HUSH will keep you sweet and fresh *for hours longer*. You'll use all 3 types:

CREAM—Pure, soothing to skin, harmless to dress fabrics.

LIQUID—*Instant*, protects 24 hours. *Regular*, for 1 to 3 days.

POWDER—Ideal for Sanitary Napkins. Keeps feet and shoes fresh.



25c 50c—10c size at 10c counters



Sell PERSONAL INITIAL Christmas Cards 21 FOR $1

EARN UP TO $5 IN A DAY

Quick, spare-time money-maker. New! Exclusive! 21 beautiful Christmas Folders with sender's INITIAL in Metallic Gold and Silver Seals—only $1. Make 100% profit. Extra Bonus. Also sell Personal Christmas Cards—**name-imprinted—50 for $1.** Many other big-value Christmas Card Assts., retail 50c up. Write for **Samples.**
ARTISTIC CARD CO., 402 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.

NEURITIS Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

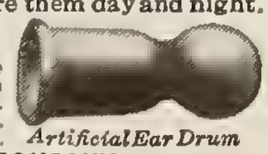
To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO,** the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NURITO** today on this guarantee.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—



Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable. No wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.



Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
719 McKerchey Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

STOP Scratching

***RELIEVE* Itching *of* Insect Bites**

Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, hives, scales, eczema, and other externally caused skin afflictions quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.** Easy to use. Dries fast. Clear, greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use DERMOIL



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results also **FREE.**

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

Don't Mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question.** Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores.**

Lake Laboratories, Box 6, Northwestern Station Dept. M-31, Detroit, Mich.

What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page 4*)

flood of early March.

(Mrs.) F. J. Lopez, Pomona, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE

"THE LITTLE BROADCAST"

Last month our club at high school decided to give a play to raise some money to put on a big banquet. After two meetings we hadn't come to any satisfactory decision. There were too many high school plays that were being put on at this present day. So I suggested the only thing that I thought the students would go for—to hold a small broadcasting show, picking the cast from the student body of all the schools of our town. The other reason we could put this show on was that our school is equipped with the latest radio broadcasting system. After our committee selected the contestants we held four rehearsals. We then held our show which we called "The Little Broadcast" in our high school auditorium, broadcasting the program over our local station.

We had a capacity of 1,700 people of which most of them wanted the show repeated.

Our committee got a great deal from Radio Mirror to put on this show. I more than believe that such a magazine would be a great help to the coming stars of tomorrow.

Louis Angelo, Jamestown, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE

RUSHING TO BING'S DEFENSE

I have thought all the time that Bing Crosby was quite the smoothest and most amusing M. C. in the business, when along comes Margaret Jones of Georgia in May Radio Mirror and gets me all confused. She suggests leaving the talk to Ken Carpenter and Bob Burns. Shade of Demosthenes! Why Bob? I like him and his kin folks, but if he's a smooth talker then I'm a reincarnation of the Queen of Sheba. As for Ken, he's an announcer, and Bing is a Master of Ceremonies—quite different jobs, requiring different talents. The announcer must "sell the stuff," and woe unto him if he stumbles. The M. C. must entertain, and if he does that, he fills the bill. As for me and my house, Bing is tops, both as a singer and as a Master of Ceremonies.

Adeline Frizielle,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

FOURTH PRIZE

A HOBBY ADMIRER

Congratulations Radio Mirror, and to Mr. Dave Elman, for your article, "Make Your Hobby Pay." I have always been a devoted hobbyist, and I certainly enjoy reading about other people's hobbies. I would like to see more similar articles, and I think there are many more of the same opinion. Nearly every person has a hobby, and perhaps many of the hobbies are quite unique. Working hours have been reduced to a minimum and hundreds of persons have a difficult time keeping themselves occupied. No matter how short the working day may be, we will always have 24 hours to spend—why not spend it in an enjoyable and profitable way?

Glenn M. Whitehead,
Irwin, Pennsylvania

FIFTH PRIZE

LET'S FOLLOW THE WARDEN'S LEAD

Congratulations to Warden Lawes for his "Men Without Romance" in the June issue of RADIO MIRROR.

"Men Without Romance" is indeed a delicate subject—but at last it is brought out in the open to be faced squarely, thanks to Warden Lawes. I do not say that everyone will become a criminal, but just for example, imagine yourself suddenly whisked out of everyday life and slapped behind bars with a term of five years staring you in the face. Would you adjust yourself reasonably? Or would you become one of the incorrigible inmates? Of course, it's a question without an answer. No one could say offhand how they would react to such an occurrence.

But it is a question of vital importance to our penal institutions! Some attempt should be made to help solve this important question. Warden Lawes has started the ball rolling by bringing the subject out of the dark closet that has secreted it for years. Now we, the people, should become interested enough to keep the ball rolling until something WILL be done besides just thinking about it.

Timothy F. Donovan,
Lewiston, Maine

SIXTH PRIZE

THIS SUSPENSE IS AWFUL!

Now don't take me wrong but I sure burn up when I'm deeply absorbed listening to a radio story that's reaching an exciting climax and the announcer cuts in, assuring me "I'll find out just what happens *tomorrow.*"

I spend a sleepless night wondering what will happen to Peggy Cadden or Hashell Warmed-Over. The next day's program offers a new setting, irrespective of yesterday's exciting climax and I find out nothing.

This is definitely misleading. Announcers shouldn't promise developments that don't develop. Can't someone stop their "high-powered" promises?

Elsie Cecrle, North Judson, Indiana

SEVENTH PRIZE

IT'S A SWELL IDEA

I think I am the only listener of Prof. Quiz's program who has the idea that I find it both educational and amusing. The idea is to copy Prof. Quiz's questions with the answers, while listening to his program. Rewrite each question on separate pieces of paper. After folding the pieces of paper, place them in a hat or anything handy. When you have gathered your friends together, divide them into teams. Let the first person pick one of the pieces of paper and have him try to answer the question on it within a minute. If he does not answer correctly, he will be disqualified. Continue this until only one person remains. You will always find that this game brings forth a great deal of fun. This game can be enjoyed by even children who can be given the easy questions.

Isidore Danenberg,
Baltimore, Maryland

11,000,000 COOKS CAN'T BE WRONG

Nearly 11,000,000 copies of Ida Bailey Allen's twenty-odd books on cooking have been sold. And here's Ida Bailey Allen's SERVICE COOK BOOK NO. 2, now available to readers of this magazine at only 20c!

196 pages of recipes, in big easy-to-read type. Loose spiral-type stiff-cover binding lies flat on the table. Quick thumbnail index makes every recipe easy to find. Helpful information on measures, baking temperatures, meal planning, diets, serving.

SEND FOR IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S COOK BOOK TODAY

20¢ POST PAID

Mail stamps or dimes to Reader Service Bureau RADIO MIRROR

205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

SNUBBED BECAUSE OF "ADOLESCENT SKIN"?

Act now to help keep your blood free of pimple-making poisons

Don't go on being cursed by loathsome pimples. Don't make others feel ashamed of you or shun you. Find out what's the matter and correct it.

During the period of adolescence, in the years between 13 and 25, important glands are developing. This causes disturbances throughout your body. Waste poisons from the intestines often find their way into the blood . . . and may break out in ugly skin eruptions. You must help free your system of these intestinal poisons.

Thousands of young people have solved this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this fresh food contains millions of tiny, *living* plants that act to help you eliminate waste poisons from the body—*before* they can get into the blood. Your skin becomes clearer and fresher again. Many get remarkable results in 30 days or less. Don't lose time. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast *now* . . . 3 cakes daily, one before each meal.

Fidler Really Hates Scandal

(*Continued from page 23*)

Thus Jimmie became a press agent and for ten years or more he did fairly well at it. These were golden years for what are known in Hollywood as free-lance press agents. Jimmie found other actors who wanted to see their names in print, so he opened an office at Sunset Boulevard and Cahuenga—there were so many press agents in the building at the time that the place was called "The Den of Forty Thieves"—and prospered.

Just how much money he made in those years, I don't know, and neither does Jimmie, because it was a weird way of making a living. You had seventeen clients one week, two the week after that, and ten the following. You got whatever you could shake them down for. Some were good for $10 a week, and others would hold still for $100. It was a lush racket while it lasted.

Pete Smith, who now produces shorts for M-G-M, was the king of the free-lances, and sometimes made upwards of $1,000 a week. Jimmie was not in this class, but he made enough.

Then Jimmie fell in love, and with this came misfortune and heartbreak. He married Dorothy Lee, the pretty little actress who played leads in the Wheeler and Woolsey comedies. He built her a home in the Toluca Lake district, and they were very happy, for awhile. But the marriage didn't last.

WHEN they separated, Jimmie, utterly heart-broken, presented Dorothy with the house and moved back to an apartment in Hollywood. As far as Jimmie could see, life was ended. Still desperately in love, he couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep, he couldn't work.

Being an honest soul, he closed his office and told all his clients he could do nothing more for them, and to get another press agent.

What Jimmie didn't know was that the break-up of his marriage is undoubtedly the real reason why he is now a national radio figure and earns, what, to the average person, is an appalling sum of money.

If his marriage had worked out he would have continued as a press agent, making a couple of hundred a week, or less, and being quite content with it.

But his grief caused him to close his business. Then one day, he discovered that when he put his hand in his pocket, he couldn't find any money. He had to go back to work.

He dug up a job as press agent for a Los Angeles radio station. It wasn't a good job, it was a miserable one, but it was a living.

On this job he encountered Josephine Dillon, first wife of Clark Gable. Miss Dillon was staging programs for a local broadcast, and, in addition, was a teacher of voice culture. She thought it might be a good idea to broadcast personal gossip about Hollywood, but she knew little about the movie colony at that time. Jimmie did know something about it, so she proposed a deal.

The deal was that Jimmie was to broadcast an intimate chat about Hollywood—for nothing—and she was to give him vocal lessons—for nothing.

Jimmie didn't see where he could win by this. His voice had served him well enough up to now, and he couldn't find anything wrong with it. On the other

(*Continued on page 75*)

LESS WORK ON WASHDAY with Staley's STARCH CUBES

Fine laundry starch in exact-measure CUBES. No guess. No chance of clothes being too stiff, too flimsy. No sticking iron. No spots or scorched streaks. Saves ⅓ ironing time. Next washday, use Staley's Starch CUBES—avoid needless fatigue and vexation.



A. E. Staley Mfg. Co.
Decatur, Ill.

SNAPSHOTS IN COLORS—

Roll developed, 8 Natural Color Prints—25c. Natural Color reprints—3c. AMAZINGLY BEAUTIFUL.
NATURAL COLOR PHOTO C-107, Janesville, Wisconsin

MAKE UP TO $3 IN AN HOUR
SELL NEWEST CHRISTMAS CARDS
Easy to sell new Christmas Cards with sender's *signature* in Raised Gold. 21 beautiful Folders, with "*Emboss-O*" materials, only $1. You make 100% profit. Extra Bonus. Also Christmas Cards with **name imprinted—50 for $1.** Many other assts., sell 50c up. **Get samples.**
Friendship Studios, 802 Adams St. Elmira, N.Y.





● At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



Simulated diamonds set in Lifetime Sterling (U. S. Govt. Standard) **Rich 1/30, 14k Gold,**

1939 Queen Quality Watch. Dial small as a Dime. Jeweled. Accuracy Guranteed.



Watch included FREE with every ring ordered during **SALE** and paid for on our easy two monthly $2 payment plan (total only $4). No extra charge for the watch. Wear 10 days ON APPROVAL! **Send NO Money.** Mail postcard now. We pay postage. **We trust you.** Your package comes at once by RETURN MAIL.

GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO.
Dept. C-388, Newton, Mass.

Announcing Higher Rates for Writers of True Stories

Following our regular policy True Story will not conduct a true story manuscript contest during the summer months of July and August. On September 1st, a sensational great new, true story contest will begin. But in the meantime writers of true stories can, during the month of July, earn the highest word rates on straight purchase submittals that True Story has ever offered—as high as 4¢ per word.

Heretofore an average of 2¢ per word has been the rate paid by True Story and similar Macfadden magazines for true stories submitted for straight purchase.

We have not abandoned this rate, but because we realize the energy required to write stories of better-than-average quality we will pay 3¢ per word for above-the-average true stories and 4¢ per word for exceptionally good true stories submitted in July of this year.

A Magnificent Bonus for Extra Effort

Think what this means in money! Ordinarily for a true story of 5,000 words you would receive $100, a very satisfactory price. But if during the limited period of this offer you send us a 5,000-word true story that is noticeably above the general run in quality, right away the rate jumps to 3¢ per word, or $150. And if it happens that your story is of exceptionally high quality your rate immediately leaps to 4¢ per word, netting you the splendid total of $200 for a 5,000-word story—literally making $2 grow where formerly $1 grew. And if your story should run to 8,000, 10,000 or 12,000 words, based on these special rates your remuneration would be correspondingly greater.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of True Story are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in a story of extra quality you will receive the corresponding extra rate. This is in no sense a contest—simply a straight offer to purchase true stories with a handsome bonus for extra quality.

Here is your opportunity. The time, as explained, is limited to the month of July, 1938. So strike while the iron is hot. Start today the story of an episode in your life or the life of a friend or acquaintance that you feel has the necessary heart interest to warrant the extraordinarily high special rates we are offering. Send it in when finished, and if it really has the extra quality we seek the extra sized check will be forthcoming with our sincere congratulations. Be sure your manuscript is post-marked not later than midnight, July 31.

True Story

Important Notice

Every person writing true stories should not fail to send for a free copy of our booklet "What You Should Know Before Writing True Stories." In it is described the simple technique which years of experience has taught us is most effective in writing acceptable true stories. Write for it today, read it carefully and your story will reach us in proper form to be eligible for acceptance at our liberal word rates. A coupon is provided for your convenience. Sign and address it to— TRUE STORY *Magazine, Dept. J, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.*

We Want YOUR Story, Written In YOUR Own Way

Many persons have sought to take advantage of writers of true stories by offering—for a price—to "edit" or "revise" them; some falsely representing that because of "connections" they can help have your story accepted.

There are no persons or agents acting for "TRUE STORY" Magazine in the purchase of stories. No agents are able to aid you in selling your story to us. Any "revision" or "editing" by any such persons will only *injure* your story.

DO NOT DEAL THROUGH INTERMEDIARIES. SUBMIT YOUR STORIES DIRECT.

Advise "TRUE STORY" Magazine if anyone offers to aid you or represents himself as being able to so aid you *in any way.*

NO FEES NEED BE PAID TO ANYONE IN CONNECTION WITH THE SUBMISSION OF A STORY TO "TRUE STORY" MAGAZINE. WE DO NOT SELL NOR AUTHORIZE TO BE SOLD IN OUR NAME ANY COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IN WRITING TRUE STORIES.

Caution

When sending in true stories, be sure, in each case, **to enclose first-class return postage in the same container with manuscript.** We gladly return manuscripts when postage is supplied, but we cannot do so otherwise. Failure to enclose return first-class postage means that after a reasonable time the manuscript if not accepted for publication will be destroyed.

TRUE STORY, Dept J RM
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....
(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)

(*Continued from page 73*)

hand, he couldn't see where he could lose. So he agreed.

For two years, Jimmie did for nothing what he is now being paid thousands weekly to do. Moreover, he persuaded motion picture stars to appear on the programs—for nothing. In those early days of radio, stars often appeared free because they thought it good publicity. Now they won't go into a broadcasting station for anything less than the key to the First National Bank.

After two years, Miss Dillon, a friendly soul, dug up a sponsor, or rather a group of sponsors, for Jimmie. A number of Los Angeles business houses pooled together and paid him a very meagre sum for advertising their various wares.

Now this is where Jimmie starts becoming bewildered. He had nothing whatever to do with this, nothing to do with what followed, and very little to do with what came after that.

A bright-eyed agent popped in on him one day and offered him a chance to babble about Hollywood on a national broadcast for a manufacturer of cough drops. With that natural suspicion which anyone in Hollywood has for an agent, Jimmie regarded him with a fishy eye—until the visitor mentioned the sum of $1,000 a week. Upon recovering his sanity, Jimmie signed to broadcast for three months.

Before the three months had elapsed, the sponsor extended it to six months.

THEN he was dropped. He didn't know why, and couldn't find out. He doesn't know now. It was just one of those mysterious things about radio.

Well, thought Jimmie, that's young Fidler's finish as far as radio is concerned.

After some months of wondering how long the money he had saved was going to last, another sponsor turned up. Jimmie didn't find him. He just appeared.

This time it was a firm that manufactured lipstick, and they dangled a short-term contract under Jimmie's nose. And at the end of this engagement, he was dropped again. He didn't know why this time, either, because his program seemed to be popular.

He was convinced, then, that he was through, but microphone fever had gripped him. Still having some money, he decided to go back to New York.

Changing trains in Chicago, he dropped into the offices of an advertising agency. He knew no one there, but felt that it couldn't do any harm.

To his intense astonishment, he was greeted as a celebrity. He didn't expect them even to have heard of him.

The result of this chance call was a contract to talk over the air for the soap company—once a week, for $2,500 a week. After a few weeks, the sponsors tore up his contract and gave him a new one, this time to broadcast twice a week for $3,500. And the contract is for five years.

After a lot of bad luck, Jimmie can't lose now, apparently. Recently he played golf in a foursome which included movie comedians Edgar Kennedy and Oliver Hardy and a Hollywood business man. The latter proposed that they each chip in $500 on an oil well venture in the El Segundo field. Result: they've all been offered staggering sums for their interest, because the property adjoins the biggest producing well in the field.

Jimmie is set for life, now. He is re-married, very happily. The contracts now in his safe will make him a very rich man.

And he still doesn't understand it. He doesn't understand why people want to listen to him.

Actually, his amazing popularity is rather hard to explain.

His programs are not sensational, and often his "inside" gossip is not even new.

There are few, if any, laughs in his broadcasts, because Jimmie hasn't the faintest sense of humor.

In spite of the criticisms of his "malicious" scandal-mongering by George Jessel—and this criticism undoubtedly has something to do with his steady rise in popularity, although this would probably distress his critics—he *does not* broadcast scandal.

Indeed, he leans over backwards in this regard. Part of this is deliberate policy; part of it is fear of libel suits; part of it is because he is a good-hearted guy; part of it—to be frank—is the fear of a sock in the nose.

He maintains a staff of eight reporters who cover the studios, the night clubs and the bars. Frequently, when one of them brings in a choice and exclusive bit of news, he is distressed to find that it isn't on the program.

Once a week he broadcasts what he calls an "open letter" in which he takes some cinema celebrity to task. These are invariably harmless—milder than many of the articles one may find in print.

When one reporter proposed an open letter to John Montague, the prodigious and mysterious golfer who was recently acquitted of a robbery charge in the east, Jimmie demurred violently.

"I've seen that guy," he said.

PERHAPS Jimmie was present at Lakeside Golf Club the day George Bancroft, the movie toughie, expressed doubts as to Montague's fabulous strength. With great ease, Montague picked up Bancroft, heaved him into a locker and turned the key.

On a more recent occasion, Jimmie turned down a chance to scoop every newspaper in the country. Jimmie was on the air the day after the death of Ted Healy, the comedian. Both morning and afternoon papers stated simply that the actor had died of a stroke.

One of Jimmie's reporters got a tip that Healy, shortly before his death, had been badly beaten just outside Hollywood's most famous night club. The reporter confirmed the report by inspecting the actor's corpse in the morgue. Jimmie did not use the story.

The reporter, heart-broken, demanded to know why. There was no explanation offered.

As far as Jimmie being on the inside of Hollywood—he isn't. By preference, he does not hang out in bars and night clubs. He naturally receives many invitations from movie celebrities. He accepts few of them.

He has always been a hard worker, and now works harder and longer than any of the staff he employs. He is an excellent golfer, but rarely takes time off to play it.

He doesn't smoke. He almost never takes a drink, and then only to be agreeable. He'd rather not have it. Bridge is almost his only diversion.

I don't care to disillusion his twenty million fans who listen to his weekly reviews of the new pictures—but he almost never goes to the movies!

He makes his reporters see them.

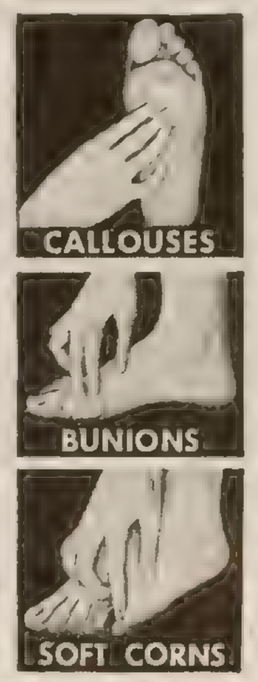


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Try this fascinating new shampoo, which in a few minutes and at the cost of but a few cents, leaves your hair lighter and lovelier. Safely, too. A single wash with this amazing, new-type shampoo—called New Blondex—instantly removes the dull, dingy, oil and dust laden film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse colored and "old" looking. You will be delighted with the new shimmering highlights and lustre of your hair, the glorious radiance that usually comes only in childhood. Start Blondex today. New combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—at all stores.
New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

Now I'll Tell You

(*Continued from page* 13)

come swishin' through, so he took this short cut and he got to Mulberry jest in time to cross the 't's' and dot the 'i's'."

(*Bob shifts to the other foot and says*)—

You know, Bing, all my kinfolks down there in Van Buren ain't like me. I talk a whole lot—I know that, but most of my folks are very quiet and peaceful. I know one time I was comin' home from a trip and standin' in the woods, quite a way from the house, I saw my uncle standin' out there and I says "What are ya doin'?"

And he says "Nothin'."

And I says "Are ya huntin'?"

And he says "No."

And I says "It's gittin' dark—it's time to git in the house."

And he says "Yes."

I says "Come on and go in with me."

And he says "No."

And so I says "Well, dinner'll be ready pretty soon—ain't ya hungry?"

And he said "Yes."

And so I started on towards the house and went about half a mile and I went back and I says "Come on and go home with me!"

And he says "No."

And I says "Why?"

And he said "I can't," he says. "I'm standin' in a bear trap!"

ALL the Burnses are great ones for fortitude, Bing, like my Grandpaw Snazzy. Here's a story on him that points out what I mean:

You know, in spite of her growlin' about him goin' to war so much Grandmaw Toady was one of those regular, sweet American women. The kind that knits socks for their men. And so she gave Grandpaw Snazzy a pair of socks that she had knitted and told him to wear 'em and he did, because he loved her, and a man hasta love a woman to wear them socks they knit.

And so he put 'em on and he started on this long march and he noticed a lump in the sock was hurtin' his foot and it jest purty near killed him and it kept gettin' worse every day he marched, marched, marched, and finally it got so bad (he was limpin' so bad he couldn't keep up with the boys) and his Captain told him, he says "You'll either hafta take that lump outa your sock or we'll have to cut your foot off."

And Grandpaw Snazzy says "No, sir," he says, "I'm not gonna take them socks off because—because my wife knit 'em with her own dear fingers."

But finally one day it got so bad—this lump was hurtin' his foot so bad that his foot got swollen up so bad, he had to take his shoe off and he says "Well, now," he says, "while I got my shoe off, it'd be a purty good time to look and see what that lump is in my sock."

So he took his sock off and he reached down in the toe of this sock and he found a little ball down there and he took it out and it was a note from Grandmaw. She put that note in there for him and writ it with her own fingers and he opened the note up and he read the lines she'd written.

She said, "Heaven help your poor tired feet!"

(*Bob pauses and then looks at Dr. Crosby*)

Well, I'll tell ya, Bing, I was jest sittin' over there talkin' to Ken Carpenter and he told me that next week is National Cheese Week and you know my chest is jest about to bust with pride when I think about what a wonderful company I'm workin' with here that makes such wonderful products that make it easy on the women to serve delicious meals.

I want to tell you that women have a tough enough time, anyhow. I was thinkin' all day today about the women of this country—what a bitter shame it is that a woman has to give up her career and get tied up with some good-fer-nothin' man.

Now you know, you take my aunt—my Aunt Poody—my Aunt Poody Ledbetter. There's a woman that wanted to travel. That was her ambition—to see the world, and then she got tied up and married to my Uncle Phoey. And I was visitin' 'em one time. He was one of them men that never wanted to go out any place. Never took her no place and I was visitin' 'em one time and I was talkin' to Uncle Phoey and Aunt Poody come up and she says, in a meek voice, she says "Phoey," she says, "I don't want you to spend no money on me, but," she says, "I heard there was a free medicine show playin' on the corner in Van Buren and I was jest wonderin' if you wouldn't take me to see it."

And he looked at her for a long time with a kind of a scowl on his face and he says, "It don't seem to me like it's been much more than a month ago when you asked me to take you up to the top of the hill to see the eclipse of the moon."

He said, "I declare, it looks like you want to be on the go all the time!"

I TOLD Aunt Poody, I says "If Uncle Phoey cramps your style and stifles your ambitions like that, why don't you leave him?" and she said, "Well, I thought of it several times, but" she said, "every time I think of leavin' him, I get to thinkin' how sweet he was to me when we was first married."

And I says "You don't mean to tell me he took you on a honeymoon?"

And she says "No, he didn't, but the first couple of weeks he did help me with the plowin' and the plantin'."

(*Bob eyes the microphone*)

You know when I first came out here, we lived in one of those kitchenette apartments, and my folks down in Arkansas, they never saw a kitchenette apartment. I never saw one 'til I come out here and outside of bein' a little bit tight around the waist, they're mighty handy. But those kitchenettes—that's the thing that gets me.

Honestly, they're so handy if things ain't within reach it's just because you ain't got 'em. A kitchenette ain't nothin' in the world but a narrow aisle that runs between a gas stove and a can of tomatoes.

It's so much different than cookin' outdoors like I used to do down in Arkansas. I'll never forget the time I built a fire outside and I put the coffee on to boil and the grass caught fire and I jest thought "Well, I'll jest cook my bacon over the grass fire while the coffee's gettin' done."

But there was a breeze that day and it kept me purty busy keepin' the skillet over the fire. And do you know, by the time my bacon was done I was eight miles from my coffee!

BEAUTY FORECAST—FAIR AND COOLER



Follow Joan Blaine's advice for keeping and looking cool.



Be especially fastidious about clothes during hot days.

By JOYCE ANDERSON

IT is a full-time job to appear fresh, cool and well-groomed when the thermometer is on the up-and-up. Joan Blaine, star of Valiant Lady heard over the NBC network, frequently cited as radio's best dressed woman, confides some of her secrets for looking as fresh as the proverbial daisy and as cool as an ice cube during the hottest summer days. That extra shower a day, that scrubbed cleanliness, that make-up that defies the heat, that lasting cool flower fragrance, that coiffure that keeps her shining black hair closely molded to her head for summer chic and comfort are fetishes with this young star.

Joan Blaine confides that her extra shower a day is taken with tepid water and not the pricking needles of a cold spray because she knows that cold water only increases body heat. For invigoration, she prefers instead to spray on an ice-cold cologne, after the bath, from the bottle which is kept in her refrigerator. (For lasting coolness, try that ice-cold cologne spray.) She thinks that the choice of a soap for the summer bath is important and uses a bland toilet soap, mildly scented, to counteract skin dryness which exposure to the sun, salt water and wind induces. When her day at broadcasting studios has been particularly trying and she must go on through the evening, she uses as a quick restorative, a rub-down with a loofah mitten, dipped in toilet water.

"Begin the summer with a good permanent, and your hair problems are virtually solved," she advises. "Before it is waved, have it thinned out and molded as closely to the head as you can stand. Go in for all the fancy coiffures you like during the winter, but for summer stick to the simple ones, if you want to enjoy your swimming and your other summer sports."

Joan is particularly fastidious about her toilet accessories, and after each use of the hair brush, it goes under soap suds and hot water to be free of dust and oil to be fresh and clean for the next time it is used.

Make-up should always be applied to a clean face and one needs at least three or four new make-ups during a warm summer day. She carries in her bag a compact containing a supply for those little cleansing pads and a powder base which looks like an oversized lipstick in a creamy pink tone to match the face powder in her compact. Whisked out in any powder room, a quick make-up job can be done by cleansing the face with soap and water, and smoothing on this creamy foundation, followed by deft manipulations of the fingertips. Powder is dusted on, a touch of rouge, a new coating of lipstick, and she emerges as fresh of face as when she started out for the day.

In addition to personal daintiness, the care of the clothes is of tremendous importance if you are to keep fresh during hot weather. This care should extend to the minutest details of your clothing—freshly laundered gloves, collars, cuffs, hat-bands, and even the inside of your handbag. Lingerie is made fresher by adding a few drops of your favorite cologne to the final rinsing water. Hanging gowns in spacious closets and near open windows at night will not only keep them well aired but will eliminate the necessity of frequent pressing, which impairs the fabric, are points cited by this fastidious young actress.

An important aid to the appearance and longevity of your shoes is to keep them on trees when they are removed from the feet, as leathers and fabrics are both inclined to expand with heat, and shoetrees snap them back to their natural slender lines. Hand dryers, too, will prevent home-laundered gloves from drying in unyielding shapes. A few soap suds in the final rinsing help to keep washable suedes and doeskin gloves from drying in hard lumps.

DID YOU KNOW--

. . . that if you will dust powder over your lips before you apply lipstick, it will stay on twice as long? And that a lipstick with a blue undertone will make your teeth appear whiter?

* * *

. . . that everyone needs a deodorant because everyone is subject to unpleasant perspiration odor, whether there is noticeable moisture or not . . . that there are three types of deodorants—liquids which check odor by checking perspiration; creams which check odor by checking perspiration; creams, liquids and powders which stop odor but do not stop perspiration . . . that some essentials to good grooming include a daily bath, regular use of a deodorant or perspiration check, fresh underthings and clean stockings daily, dresses washed or cleaned frequently?

* * *

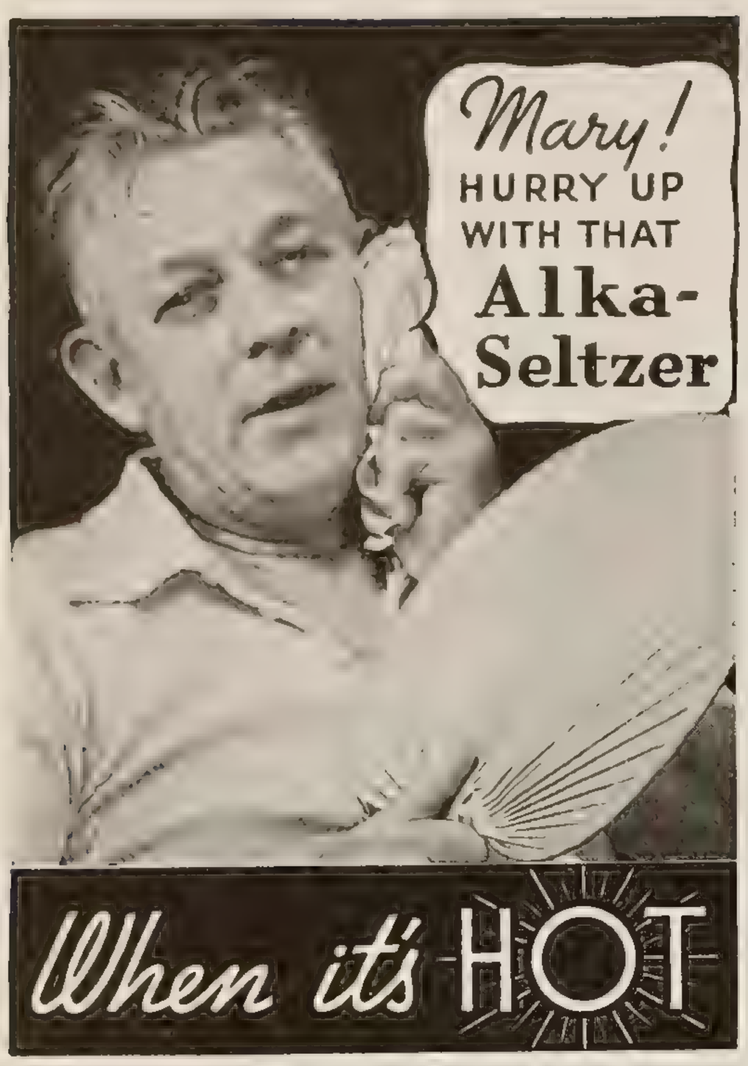
. . . that a razor should not be used to remove superfluous hair? It causes the hair to become stiff and coarse . . . that the well-tested depilatories are quick and easy to use and leave the skin smooth and soft?

* * *

. . . a lemon ice treatment is a cool and refreshing treat for your face? Use two parts strained fresh lemon juice and one part water and freeze into cubes. After you have cleansed your face, wrap a lemonized ice cube in a piece of gauze and pass it several times over your face and neck. You'll feel as cool as a lemon sherbet.

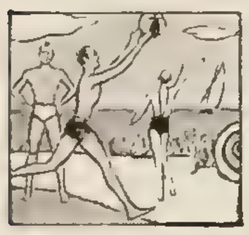
ORAL IDEAS

DENTAL hygiene is no more important in the summer than in the winter, but here are some tips from Joan, whose flashing white teeth are one of her attributes of good looks. Two toothbrushes are a must, as are a good dentifrice, a cool, pleasant-tasting mouth wash, and dental floss. Teeth should be brushed four times a day—after every meal and before retiring. The brushing process should send the bristles up and down—instead of across. That back-and-forth way of brushing the teeth can actually be harmful and if you are at all doubtful about the correct brushing procedure, better check with your dentist. Incidentally, if you really want your teeth to look it, you should brush them three minutes by a clock without stopping. Don't forget, too, that a toothbrush won't last forever and that the average person needs a new one about every three months.









When a throbbing Headache or an attack of Acid Indigestion comes to add to the miseries of a hot sultry day, a sparkling refreshing glass of Alka-Seltzer is most welcome.

Try this quick pleasant way of getting relief; just drop an Alka-Seltzer Tablet into a glass of water. When it bubbles up and dissolves—drink the pleasant tasting solution. Its analgesic qualities quickly relieve the pain and discomfort, and then because Alka-Seltzer is such a splendid alkalizer, it also helps to overcome the excess acid condition so often associated with the trouble.

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NAC

Good Housekeeping Bureau

At all Drug and Dept. Stores

11-101 Merchandise Mart, Chicago

You Don't Know What You're Missing

(*Continued from page* 15)

it's a criminal offense to serve or purchase anything save light wines and beer. In Russia you may buy only native-grown and seasoned intoxicating liquors during the afternoons of rest days. In France, where most wines are dirt cheap, you are taxed upward of 25 per cent on all bottled goods sold over the counter. In Japan it was a criminal offense to make an effort to buy liquor on a religious holiday or when the Emperor was attending Parliament.

Practically every nation in the world taxes you from 25 to 50 per cent every time you have a meal. In France you pay 12 per cent of your check to the local Waiter's Union whether you use the dining room of your hotel or not. You are further charged 5 per cent extra as a sort of surtax.

AND most countries, if you're traveling through them for pleasure, charge you a flat rate of from ten per cent to 32 per cent of your hotel bill for domestic service. Yet one invariably finds that the servants one has used, and lots of them one has never seen, are lined up for their customary tips besides.

Rail travel outside the United States is a gradually increasing nightmare. Third class is bad enough with all the extras. First class is a rich man's horror. An overnight 200-mile trip costs in the neighborhood of $50 first class, $25 third. In Japan, from $30 to $70. The same distance in America would cost from $5 to $12.

Examination of heavy luggage, special permits for carrying certain objects, registering the amount of cash and express checks, visas and passports and a dozen other bits of nonsense, usually make an American very happy to go home again.

Out in the Orient the authorities are very severe concerning communication. A traveler or sojourner who is residing there for his health or pleasure, is constantly under surveillance. Telephone wires are tapped, mail incoming and outgoing tampered with; telegrams are the objects of the greatest scrutiny. Code may not be used at all without written permission from the foreign office. This applies also to Germany, Italy, Russia, Egypt and Turkey. Even in England codes are strictly prohibited. Search without warrant is the common practice throughout the civilized world today. It is permissible because of national laws in some countries, but in others it goes on without authority. In Germany, Italy, Russia and Japan it is practiced so much that everyone has become pretty used to it, but there is still tragedy in the unannounced arrival of the Black Shirts. Time and again I have thought my last moment had arrived when an unannounced guest, revolver in hand, walked into my suite and went through my things from top to bottom—hoping, I suppose, to lay his hands upon something with which to convict me.

Hitler's Brown Shirts made my blood run cold when they held me up along a deserted highway near the Strasbourg frontier one evening and searched my V-8 from top to bottom for motion picture films which I had taken in detention camps. I was later expelled from Germany for this. Mussolini's meddlers gave me the thrill of that year when they swept into my hotel room and searched it for papers actually hidden in the soles of my shoes, for which they later expelled me from the Italian Empire. Stalin stalwarts made a cold chill run up my spine when I found them carefully going through my things in the Leningrad Hotel while I was covering the purge; and even Hirohito's little yellow men made me nervous when they picked me from a contingent of foreign correspondents and submitted me to an oral examination the like of which I have never undergone before or since.

And if you are crossing frontiers constantly in the course of your travels, it is tremendously difficult to keep all the various laws straight. Who is to know, when he is traveling around, for just which flag he must raise his arm and salute, for which emblem he is to remove his hat, for which tune he is to rise and stand at attention? Who is to know or tell until a local yokel appears and strikes him in the face, kicks him in the seat of his pants, pours acid on his clothes and berates him in public?

Out in Japan they tax you to take photos, to use certain sidewalks, to bathe in private and to attend movies. Even in China you used to be taxed for seeking medical advice, eating foreign food, buying other than Chinese publications, attending local theaters if you were not Chinese, and dancing with the singsong girls.

NO, the grass isn't always greener across the way, nor is life away from home all beer and skittles. In the past two years I've seen more horror throughout the world than I ever witnessed in my twenty-two months with the A.E.F. in France. I have lived through terror and degradation with both armies in Spain. I have looked upon stark madness in the Far East. I I have seen men go raving mad before the firing squad in Russia. I have watched the cruel lashing punishment of political prisoners in Germany and Austria. I have been on the spot where people disappeared silently in the dark of night in Italy. I have watched great air armadas spread death and destruction over scores of once beautiful cities and I have gotten down on my knees and thanked my God when my work has brought me back to my native land, which so many of those about me are criticising. Time and again I have claimed, and I repeat it here, the best cure for the national bellyacher is a little trip away from home to those shores that seem so carefree and gay in the looking glass of their deception.

This isn't a plea for any form of national politics, but it is a plea for national unity. Without it we are fast drifting into the cesspool into which the rest of civilization was plunged long, long ago.

Meet the charming Ameche family—Don, Honore, Donnie, and Ronnie, in September RADIO MIRROR



HOT WEATHER SPECIALS



Gertrude Berg, better known as Molly of The Goldbergs, serves salads these hot days. This cottage cheese loaf is one of her many favorites.

AMERICANS, it's said, are becoming a nation of cocktail drinkers. . . . A fine thing, too, as long as the cocktails are tomato juice cocktails. . . . There's nothing like them for starting off your meals with sparkle and zest and for making the food that follows taste better. . . . Tomato juice is full of energizing vitamins, too. . . . Just the pick-me-up you need not only during hot summer days but all year 'round.

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

I'VE never known the name of the first man who ate a gelatine dessert or salad, but I'm willing to bet that he thought the day of miracles had arrived. For it seems nothing short of miraculous that the fruits and vegetables we've known all our lives can take on so many tempting new guises when prepared the gelatine way. In summertime, especially, nothing is more appealing than these sparkling, rainbow colored confections. They make you forget all about the thermometer!

Gertrude Berg, star of radio's perennial favorite, the Goldbergs, heard over CBS daily, is one of the many stars who considers gelatine a "must" for summer menus, and those of you who are cottage cheese fans will welcome her directions for serving this old favorite in a new way. Mrs. Berg also recommends gelatine fruit cocktail and peach Bavarian cream as sure-fire appetite tempters for hot weather appetites.

Cottage Cheese Salad

1 package lemon or lime flavored gelatine
1 cup hot water
1 cup canned pineapple juice
1 cup canned crushed pineapple
1 cup cottage cheese
¼ tsp. salt
Dash cayenne pepper

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add pineapple juice and chill until slightly thickened. Combine pineapple, cheese, salt and cayenne. Fold mixture into slightly thickened gelatine and turn into mold. Chill until firm, then unmold on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with pimiento or green pepper.

Gelatine Fruit Cocktail

Mold lime-flavored gelatine in a shallow pan. When firm, cut into small cubes, using a warm, sharp knife. Serve, in sherbet glasses, combined with melon balls, grapes, cherries or berries, or a combination of any of these fruits. Add three tablespoons iced ginger ale to each glass just before serving.

Peach Bavarian Cream

1 package orange flavored gelatine
1 cup hot water
1 cup peach juice
½ cup heavy cream
1 cup sweetened crushed peaches
2 or 3 drops almond extract

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add peach juice and chill until cold and syrupy. Fold in cream which has been whipped until thick and shiny but not stiff. Fold in crushed peaches and almond flavoring. Cool until slightly thickened. Turn into individual molds and chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with peach slices. Serve with whipped cream, almond flavored, if desired.

HINTS ON TOMATO JUICE

Another miracle of present day living is canned tomato juice. Made from vine-ripened tomatoes, prepared and canned so that the flavor and minerals are sealed in, it is one of the housewife's most valuable aids today for it not only tastes so good that you want to go on and on drinking it, but it brings out new and subtle flavors in other foods when combined with them. For instance, adding a tablespoonful of canned tomato juice for every tablespoonful of vinegar in making French dressing for alligator pears gives this fruit new distinction.

Canned tomato juice provides another boon that cooks have been looking for—a method of cooking fish that will not fill the house with the customary fishy odor. In a shallow dripping pan simmer thinly sliced onions until tender, but not brown. (You will need two medium onions and a generous tablespoonful of butter for each medium sized fish or fish fillet.) Place the fish on the layer of onions, sprinkle with minced parsley, add a bay leaf, the juice of half a lemon and salt and pepper to taste. Pour in half a cup of canned tomato juice for each fish fillet and cook in a moderate oven, basting occasionally, until fish is tender. Brown under broiler.

And here's a final hint for the next time you entertain your afternoon bridge club. Tomato juice frappe, served during the game, will add to your guests' enjoyment. Add the juice of a lemon, or of half a lime, to one can of tomato juice. Fill sherbet glasses with mounds of finely cracked ice and pour the tomato juice over it. Serve with tiny sippers.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

LUISE BARCLAY, attractive leading lady in the Woman in White, heard Mondays through Fridays over the NBC-Red network at 10:45 a. m. EDST, might be called a two-day career woman, for in addition to her work as a dramatic actress, she also is a concert pianist. Luise started as a church organist and later studied piano for more than twelve years at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music. When she grew tired of playing she entered a dramatic school in Boston. Now she acts for a living and plays the piano for fun.



She's Luise Barclay, star of the Woman in White

* * *

Marion Jackson, Detroit, Mich.—John Moore plays Lord Henry in the Our Gal Sunday program . . . As far as I know, a Bob Crosby fan club has not been organized to date. If I'm wrong, I hope to hear from our readers.

Joyce Elmer, Oshkosh, Wis.—Percy on the Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten is not the same person who plays the part of "Rush" on the Vic and Sade program. Percy VanSchuyler is portrayed by Merrill Fugit and Rush Cook by Billy Idelson.

Thelma E., Eldorado, Ill.—Bing Crosby was born May 2, 1904, in Tacoma, Washington. . . . The Bing Crosby National Fan Club is affiliated with the Club Crosby. Cel Joseph of North Vassalboro, Maine, is president of the Club Crosby, and Bill Noonan, Jr., P. W., Box 79, Brant Beach, N. J. is East Coast Representative. . . . Dr. Robbie Clark (Hilltop House) is portrayed by Carleton Young.

Iola F. Carter, Ramsey, Ill.—Since the Ma Perkins program emanates from Chicago, I would suggest that you write to the National Broadcasting Company at 222 North Bank Drive, Chicago, Illinois, for a picture of the cast. I am listing below the characters on this program, as you requested:

Characters	*Artists*
Shuffle	Charles Egelston
Sam Grim	" "
John	Gilbert Faust
Fay	Cecil Roy
Evey Fitz	Hazel Dopheide
Willie Fitz	Murray Forbes
Hunkins	" "
C. Pemberton Toohey	Forrest Lewis
Rufus	" "
Gregory Ivanoff	McKay Morris

Ruth Pepler, Mapleville, R. I.—Bill Jenkins is portrayed by Carleton Young on the Our Gal Sunday program. . . . Ben Porter is played by Jay Jostyn on the Second Husband broadcast.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Dear Readers: Because I have received so many inquiries on "How To Start a Fan Club" I decided to gather all the information available and print it in the column.

First, you must get the official sanction of the star. Secondly, you will need a typewriter and stationery, including applications for the solicitation of new members for the Club. Be sure your local stationer gives you the usual club rates. You next secure all the information possible on the star, such as date and place of birth and a short biography of his career and any other personal information you may be able to acquire. You can get plenty of data from Radio Mirror—we've been having some swell write-ups on all bands and stars — and don't overlook the Almanac Highlights for information. Most of the clubs have a monthly paper, giving the facts secured and telling of the current activities of the star. Naturally, this costs money and, therefore, there should be club dues. Most clubs charge a dollar a year. This covers the cost of printing the paper, the postage involved, etc. Some clubs have their members contribute 25¢ for a gift on their star's birthday. Officers are chosen by election—usually the first week of the new year. You will need a President, First Vice President, Second Vice President, a Corresponding Secretary and a Recording Secretary. If the president plans on doing his own work, a Corresponding Secretary will not be necessary. You will need a constitution, embodying the principles of the club. That can be drawn up at your first meeting composed of charter members. The Oracle.

* * *

A **Benny Goodman** and a **Bob Crosby** fan has written in wanting to know about fan clubs in their honor. If these fan clubs have already been organized, will you please get in touch with Leah Ann Hare of Earle, Ark., and I'd also appreciate a word on this.

Received the following from Miss Dorothy Peterson, 1832 West 34th Street, Chicago, Illinois, president of the **Deanna Durbin** Fan Club there: "All Deanna Fans are cordially invited to become members. Each member receives a membership card, an autographed photograph and biography of Deanna, a year's subscription to the Deanna Durbin News. Enclose ten cents for postage. We have no dues. The only requirement is loyalty to our favorite, Deanna Durbin."

ANSWERS TO PROF. QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS

1. Irna Phillips who writes "The Road of Life" plugs two other dramatic serials (30,000 words a week).
2. Claire Trevor, who recently announced her engagement to Clark Andrews, producer of her CBS Big Town serial.
3. Tizzie Lish of the Al Pearce show, who is really a man, Bill Comstock. Bill began his radio career singing baritone over a California station.
4. Benny Goodman. Brother Harry plays bass with Benny, brother Irving plays trumpet with Bunny Berigan, and brother Freddy is trumpeter in his own band.
5. Ken Niles, who announces Hollywood Hotel, and brother Wen Niles, who announces George McCall's Hollywood Screenscoops.
6. Howard Barlow, conductor of Everybody's Music.
7. Walter Woolf King, Eddie Cantor's new announcer.
8. KNX, Columbia's new West Coast headquarters.
9. The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet, Columbia's new dramatic show.
10. Ted Husing.
11. Judy Starr, who was seriously injured in an automobile accident.
12. Eric Rolfe, who announces Boake Carter's broadcasts.
13. Kate Smith, who is heard as commentator three afternoons a week over CBS.
14. Rudy Vallee, who flew from Maine when Eddie Cantor suddenly became too ill to go on his Monday night program.
15. Paul Whiteman. His new singer, Joan Edwards, is the niece of Gus Edwards.
16. It's true.
17. Fox hunting.
18. Andy Devine.
19. Dali is a famous surrealist painter, and Gracie has knocked off quite a few surrealist paintings herself.
20. Yes. The CBS radio studio where it originates has been officially designated as police headquarters by Commissioner Valentine for a half hour a week.

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SAVES THE STOCKING- *and* THE SITUATION

Luigi

VETERAN of 2000 Tobacco Auctions

Billie Branch says: "Like most other independent tobacco experts, I smoke Luckies!"

Mr. Smoker: What about these experts who smoke Luckies 2 to 1?

Mr. Lucky Strike: It's a fact . . . and sworn records show it.

Mr. Smoker: What sort of experts?

Mr. L. S.: Independent experts. Not tied up with any cigarette maker. Auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen.

Mr. Smoker: What do they do?

Mr. L. S.: Take Billie Branch, for instance. He's been "in tobacco" since boyhood. He is an auctioneer.

Mr. Smoker: He must *know* tobacco!

Mr. L. S.: He *does.* He's seen the tobacco all the companies buy, Lucky Strike included—and he's smoked Luckies for 15 years.

Mr. Smoker: That speaks well.

Mr. L. S.: What's more, only Luckies employ the "Toasting" process.

Mr. Smoker: What does that do?

Mr. L. S.: It takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in *all* tobacco. "Toasting" makes Luckies a light smoke.

Mr. Smoker: I believe I'll try them.

Sworn Records Show That...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
Billie Branch Has Smoked Luckies for 15 Years

